THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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"IRELAND IS NO MORE!"

Such was the Despairing Cry of the Celtic Soldiery and Citizens of Limerick when it was Finally Surrendered.

Miss Banim Graphically Describes the Two Famous Sieges of the Ancient Citadel.

THE CANNONADE.

For seventeen days the walls of Limerick were ceaselessly battered; St. John's Gate and that portion of the wall that extends right and left of it bearing the full brunt of the cannonade. The Citadel (where now stands St. John's Hospital) and the adjacent portions of the wall still remaining plainly show, by the blackened indents in the stones, where the balls struck. The wall then reached across to where the beautiful new Catholic Cathedral now stands; a broken mass abutting from the wall that now encloses the Convent and Hospital marks the spot where stood the Black Battery, the scene of the last great act in the siege of 1690.

The fortifications that the French general, Lauzun, contemptuously declared might be taken with roasted apples, had, for more than a fortnight resisted the assault of William's powerful artillery, and such were the energy, skill, and resource displayed by Sarsfield in meeting every attack, that William had begun to despair of taking the town by storm, when at last a breach was made in the wall, close by the Citadel, and at this point the enemy determined on an attempt to make a lodgment. Meanwhile Sarsfield, who closely watched every movement of the English forces, directed a masked battery to be placed hard by the breach and commanding it, and under this battery he had a mine laid—both so skillfully and secretly done that the besiegers had no suspicion of their existence. This was the famous Black Battery.

The final assault began at daybreak of the 27th of August. It was led by a large body of Grenadiers—so named from their carrying hand grenades, which, as they ran, they flung among the ranks of their adversaries; these soldiers are also described as wearing belts set around with jangling bells, the noise of which added strangely to the din of battle. The onslaught of the Grenadiers was covered by a tremendous fire from their batteries, and they were supported by picked troops, whose courage was stimulated by the knowledge that they were fighting under their Monarch's eye. Indeed, so impetuous was the attack and so numerous the assailants, that the Irish, finding that they could not completely drive the enemy from their position on the outworks, fell back into the town, closely followed by the storming party, who, strongly reinforced, and believing their victory secure, rushed pell mell through the breach, and soon every street, lane, and ally of the Irish town, from St. John's Gate to Baal's Bridge became

A BATTLEFIELD.

This withdrawal of the Irish troops within the walls is considered to have been a clever piece of generalship on the part of their commander. Against the fierce onslaught at the breach and the tremendous power behind the stormers the Irish found they could not make an effective resistance; by endeavoring to repel the besiegers at this point they would, if unsuccessful, only have exhausted their own strength and enabled the Grenadiers to make a lodgment in the forts and close to the town, while by retreating they drew the enemy from the walls, scattering them through the streets and by-ways, and so broke their ranks and their strength.

But to the citizens it had appeared as if this retreat meant defeat and surrender; they grew frenzied with the thought and bravely threw themselves into the fight. It was at this crisis that the women of Limerick proved themselves the noblest of its defenders—the heroines of the day. They poured into the streets, reproaching, entreating, encouraging the men to conquer or to die; Sarsfield himself was not more eager to rally the soldiery. Led on by their valiant commander, and cheered and well aided by the women, the garrison and the citizens fought with a courage that has not been surpassed, and, after a hand-to-hand battle of three hours, drove the assailants from the town and beyond the walls. To the last William's soldiers fought well and desperately. When the main body of the attacking party had been repulsed, the Brandenburghers, to the number of four or five hundred, made a final effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day: they endeavored to take possession of the Black Battery, which all through had been well served by the men posted there. Seeing the Brandenburghers rally in force at this point, Sarsfield made his coup. He allowed the enemy to swarm on the walls, then, having withdrawn his soldiers from the battery, he ordered the train of the concealed mine to be fired; with an awful roar the mine exploded, hurling into the air—burying in its ruins the regiment of the Brandenburgers, and Limerick was saved.

A few days later William raised the siege, having acknowledged himself defeated by asking a truce that he might bury his dead.

In his "Green Book" the historian, John C. O'Callahan, writes—"In this celebrated repulse of William at Limerick two circumstances occurred that reflect a halo of the purest and noblest glory upon Ireland in general, and upon Limerick in particular. After driving the English from the breach, a portion of the Irish garrison entered the English camp in their turn, and "in the confusion," says Dalrymple, "the English hospital having by accident taken fire, part of the victorious Irish stopped the pursuit and rushing into the flames to quench them, saved the lives of their enemies at the hazard of their own." The other circumstance is that of the memorable self devotion of the women of Limerick, who, after the English had beaten the men from their post, drove them back to the combat, boldly stood in the breach, even nearer to the English soldiers than the men of the garrison, and for nearly three hours contributed to assail the enemy so vigorously with stones, bullets, and every attainable missile, that to this splendid exertion of female heroism, unsurpassed in the brightest periods of classic antiquity, King William's own historian mainly attributes the triumphant expulsion of the besiegers from the city.

"Foil'd by a woman's hand before a batter'd wall." Story's words are:—"The Irish then ventured upon the breach again, and from the walls, and everywhere, so pestered us upon the counter scrap, that after nigh three hours resisting, bullets, stones (broken bottles from the very women, who boldly stood in the breach and were nearer to our men than to their own) and whatever ways could be thought on to destroy us."

"The narrow insensibility of the English scribe to th's noble spectacle of Irish female heroism is sufficiently evinced by his enclosing it in a mere parenthesis" is O'Callahan's comment upon the above.

THE VIOLATED TREATY.

Limerick was victorious that time; but Ireland was "a land worth fighting for," and Limerick a city worth the winning. William determined it must be won, and the Irish, with Sarsfield—still the very soul of their hope and courage, resolved to defend it to the last. The city, which was nobly garrisoned, was still strong, so strong, indeed, that Ginckle had orders from the king to seek by every possible means to come to terms with its inhabitants rather than again risk a defeat such as he had sustained in 1690

Accordingly, after the battle of Aughrim, Ginckle issued a proclamation offering the most tempting conditions to the Irish Catholics, not alone of Limerick, but of all Ireland, in return for the surrender of the city; civil liberty and liberty of conscience; the restoration of their estates to the Irish noblemen and gentry; full and free pardon (for being Irish)! to all the garrison, their officers, and to the Rapparees who had taken part in the war; and employment in the king's service for all who desired to enter it.

Civil and religious liberty and restoration of their estates; here was all that could be granted even by King James, whose restoration was now hopeless—here was all that the Anglo-Irish at least really wanted. Forgetful of all the promises that had been already broken, a peace party was at once formed in Limerick, as usual, chiefly amongst those who, by descent, were allied to the English. Sarsfield, the garrison, and the citizens in general were for no surrender, and Ginckle's proposed treaty was declined. On Aug. 25, 1691, just a year from the gallant defense by the women of Limerick, the place was once more the battlefield on which the fortunes of the campaign were to be decided; this was destined to be the last great Irish struggle for many a generation to come.

Into the details of this siege I will not enter, but pass on at once to the "Violated Treaty."

The city was almost surrounded by an immense force; an English fleet rode in the Shannon, bombarding the walls on that side; Singland was again the centre whence William's army spread, right and left, leaving only Thomond Bridge and the entry into county Clare open to the city. Here, in Clare, as during the former siege, the horse soldiery were quartered under Cratloe; in the town, a brave and determined garrison were resolved to hold out to the last. But once more the city was lost through treachery.

THERE WAS A TRAITOR

within the walls and a traitor without. By the aid of the latter the Clare suburb was invested, and thus all hope of regular supplies from the country was cut off. Long promised succour from France seemed as far away as ever, and the Irish coffers were almost exhausted—little wonder, when we remember that this war, according to an English authority, Hooke, cost England £18,000,000 sterling; the people's trust in the French was completely gone; tempting offers were alluring the peace party, so that Sarsfield felt they might any day enter of themselves into treaty and deliver up the city in spite of him, and so, on the 23d of September, 1691, a parley was demanded to treat for the surrender of Limerick, to the bitter grief and indignation of the soldiery and the people: "They ran to the ramparts, from which they had so often hurled the foe, and broke their swords in pieces. Muskets, that had scattered fire and death amidst the British Grenadiers, were broken in a frenzy of desperation, and the tough shafts of pikes that had resisted William's choicest cavalry, crashed across the knees of maddened Rapparees. The citizens, too, ran to the walls, with the arms they had treasured proudly as mementoes of last year's glorious struggle, and shivered them into fragments, exclaiming with husky voices: 'We need them no longer. Ireland is no more!'"

The Treaty—than which none could promise fairer or more honorable terms to the citizens and their defenders—was signed on the memorable 3d of October. The Treaty stone stands just beyond Thomond bridge, treasured by every Irish soul in Limerick as a sad reminder of the bitter memories that cling to those days of agony, when not a heart in all the land but had its pang of woe.

By that solemn covenant—to sign which even the Lords Justices of Ireland came from Dublin—all Catholics in Ireland were to enjoy civil and religious freedom, and their estates were to be restored. The garrison were free to return to their homes or to take service either abroad or in King William's army, every inducement being held out to men and officers to join the latter's service, so anxious was Ginckle that such soldiers should not swell the ranks of the French king, England's enemy. The Irish soldiers were even to carry with them into foreign service guns and ammunition, and, as a capitulated, but not a conquered garrison, the men were to march out of the city "with all the honors of war, drums beating, colors flying, and matches lighting."—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

EULOGY OF CROOK.

Eloquent Essay on the Career of the Late Famed Conqueror of the Indians by One Who Knew Him Well.

Capt. Bourke, of the Third Cavalry, on the Virtues of the Dead Commander.

[Re-printed, by permission, from the advance sheets of the Journal of the Association of the Graduates of the United States Military Academy, West Point, New York.]

"Our Alma Mater, it seems to me, may well be called another Niobe, whom envious gods have bereft of her brightest children to place them in the most exalted niches of Fame's Pantheon. Grant, McClellan, Thomas, Sheridan, Hancock, Sykes, Warren—the roll is lengthening, as one by one the prominent figures and directing minds of our civil war are answering to their last muster. And now we have finished the sad duty of lowering into the grave the mortal remains of George Crook, who, in record of service, in faithful performance of duty, in valor, in intelligent knowledge of his profession, in modest worth, in gentle consideration for friend and foe; in all that makes men manly and places the profession of arms on an exalted place—was the equal, as he was the friend and companion of those great names.

"Perhaps it is just as well that our country has no Bossuet to voice the panegyric of its dead heroes; the work they have wrought in perpetuating and solidifying this wonderful nation has been so stupendous that the task of adequately and appropriately describing it for the future generations can be confided to no human pen, assumed by no human tongue. Not one additional leaflet would be added to their laurel crowns—not one ray of glory from the subsidized sycophancy of a court chaplain, but each in dressing up on the alignment on the day of Final Inspection, responds bravely and proudly to the mandate—'By their works shall ye know them.'

"And after all, what more perfect obituary can be presented of any man than a complete and satisfactory response to the query, 'What has been the lesson of this man's life?' This is the question that you and I and all must answer. The world is becoming too wise to believe that ordinarily success is the criterion of ability. Rather it perceives, dimly perhaps as yet, but still with sufficient clearness to accept as a beacon, that not alone the position to which a man attains, but the obstacles conquered on the way, the adequacy or insufficiency of the means allowed him, the nobleness or the ignominy of his aspirations, are all to be cast in the scales before judgment can be passed upon his character.

"No man that ever wore a shoulder strap could face this ordeal with more equanimity than could Gen. George Crook. Gentle, modest, retiring—shy almost as a girl—he rose through every grade of rank, lineal and brevet, from second lieutenant to major general—each advancement marking a battle or campaign—until the Army of West Virginia hailed and respected him as its commander. And then when the colossal struggle was ended and the thousands and millions who had lately joined in bloody, fratricidal strife were going back each to his place in the body politic, Crook quietly resumed his duties as an infantry captain; but, in the reorganization of the army which promptly followed, he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the 23d Infantry and assigned to the command of all the troops in the field against the hostile Indians of Idaho and Nevada.

"It is not my intention to recapitulate his important services at all times and in all places during the more than forty-two years of his connection with the military establishment. All soldiers know them; all frontiersmen remember them; so long as valor forms the theme of poet's song, they will be honored and renowned in our country's history. It is not going one inch beyond the official records to say that Gen. Crook's experience with Indians, either in peace or in war, has never been equalled by that of any other officer. So well understood is this fact that his brilliant services in the most trying hours of the war are almost forgotten, and he stands, and will always stand, in the eyes of our people—red or white—as the soldier who, in the hour of battle was

"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell!"

but when smiling Peace had spread her wings over the field of conflict, was the tender, commiserate, intelligent, earnest friend of the conquered. Rogue River, Klamath, Shasta, Modoc, Pitt River, Piute, Bannock, Nez Perce, Apache, Hualpai, Navajo, Sioux, Sho-sho-nee, Ute, Cheyenne, Arrapahoe, Crow, and Pawnee have feared and have loved him.

"When he assumed command in Arizona in 1871, that territory was a veritable hell. He whipped thousands of the Apaches into submission, and for the first time since the days of Cortez made all that fierce tribe respect and obey the law. He set them to work upon farms on the Rio Verde and elsewhere, and soon had them in a most prosperous and hopeful condition. The story of his administration of Indian affairs in that, as in every other department in which he had control, is the brightest and most honorable chapter in the history of our relations with the American aborigines.

"The secret of his success was his integrity—George Crook never lied to mortal man. The Indians soon learned this trait and believed in his word as they believed in the stars. His instructions to his officers were always: 'Make them no promises you cannot fulfill'—and his endeavor was to secure 'an exact and even handed justice to red men and to white alike.' The Indian was compelled to work, but not to work without remuneration; a prompt, cash market was found for all he could produce, and every encouragement was extended to keep him in the path of well-doing.

"Another striking peculiarity of Gen. Crook's character was his aversion to issuing orders. To quote his own words, 'Example is the best general order;' and to the men and officers who followed him through the burning deserts and across the rugged mountain ranges of Arizona—faced the chill blizzards of Montana and Nebraska, or trudged along the weary miles of rain-soaked "Bad Lands" in Dakota, exposed to heat, cold, rain, snow, and disease no less deadly than the ambuscade or sudden stampede, there was no more inspiring shibboleth than the magical word 'Crook'—which meant the commander who shared their fatigues, their troubles and their perils, by day and by night. No soldiers loved him so deeply as those who had been with him longest—no man ever had friends more devoted or loyal; he bound them to him with hooks of steel. Well might they be proud of his friendship; to have shared his campaigns was glory enough and to have been honored with his appreciation grand distinction.

"The frontier has gone. The exigencies which called Gen. Crook into existence have passed away, and we shall never see his like again; yet the lesson of his life remains to animate us to all that is noble, honorable, and manly—to such a course of conduct that when our last summons comes, kind friends may say of us, as I here say of him: 'Peace to his ashes.'"

JOHN G. BOURKE

Gaelic Athletic Association.

[*To the Editor.*]

CAHIRCONLISH, IRELAND, May 1890

Dear Sir: For some time past I have given much thought to the present state of the G. A. A. in the great western republic, and I have come to the conclusion that the Gaelic Association in America can be worked only by the American Gaels themselves in the same way as Irish counties manage their Gaelic affairs, under the guidance and subject to the approval of the Central Council, or governing body, at home here in the old land, the land of the Association's ancient birth and modern regeneration where alone the governing of the Association must exist.

The Gaelic Association is an association which every Irishman ought to feel proud of being connected with. It is the only association in Ireland which entirely belongs to the Irish. It is free from any foreign taint. It is governed by Irishmen, supported by Irishmen, and its laws are carried by Irishmen. The Irish at home are Gaels en masse; but what about the Irish abroad? Are they not the exiled sons of our race, who are breathing the free air of the western republic, as Irish as we are? Are they not in the position to raise the standard of the Gael in the land of their adoption with as much ease and with lighter hearts than we are at home, galling under the iron heel of alien oppression.

The Gaelic sports and pastimes were the sports and pastimes of our country when Ireland held a place among the nations of the earth. They were the sports and pastimes of Ireland, a nation. They were the sports and pastimes of free and independent Ireland, and the Gaelic game of hurling still continued to be for well nigh seven hundred years, though in a less ordinary manner, the national game of our enslaved race, until about a quarter of century ago when the then civil power vetoed the wield of the caman in many of the districts of Ireland, and ten years later saw the baire and caman things of the past.

The last spark of our nationality had disappeared. The game of hurling was no more, and in order to be fashionable, we gave up and forgot our own, as we did our dress and language, and daily we drifted into what was believed to be more fashionable and aristocratic, the sports and pastimes of our oppressors. In this fashionable foreign groove the great leaders of our people, the Archbishop of Cashel, Messrs. O'Leary, Parnell and Davitt, found us one half decade since and waked us up to a sense of our national duty. It was only then we were able to see how we had in a great measure aided the stranger in enslaving ourselves. The name of Mr. William O'Brien has since been added to the list of Gaelic patrons.

We now call upon our exiled Irish brethren in America to come to our aid in sustaining this great national association, this the last shred of everything Irish, the last of our national greatness. Band yourselves together at once, form clubs, and show by your actions that the Gaelic spirit is as firm to-day as when you left our shores. We here at home will await patiently your answer. Let your answer be given in your acts. The answer expected is that the clubs in America will number thousands before many months pass by, and that numerical strength of the Association in America will exceed that which it is at home before a second winter comes around.

Irishmen! show yourselves equal to the occasion, show yourselves true to your national honour, and success will be sure to crown your efforts. Mr. M. J. Power, Hon. Sec. "Wolfe Tone" Branch, G. A. A., 40 Vineyard Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., has been deputed to hoist the Gaelic standard in the far West. Irishmen! rally around him! I am, Sir, yours very truly,

P. R CLEARY,
Hon. Sec. G. A. A.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

PARNELL'S SPEECH.

He Gives Six Reasons for His Opposition to Secretary Balfour's Irish Land Purchase Bill.

Explanation of How the Measure Would Work.

In the house of commons the chief secretary formerly moved the second reading of the Purchase of Land and Congested Districts (Ireland) Bill.

Mr. Parnell, who was received with loud Irish and opposition cheers, rose to move that the bill be read a second time this day six months. At the outset of a speech of considerable length he expressed his conviction that however Irish members might regard the bill, they must congratulate themselves upon the position which the Irish land question had now obtained. The introduction of this bill justified the claims the Irish party made nine years ago. He welcomed the chief secretary as their latest recruit (cheers) There were, he said, two ways in which the Irish land question might be settled; one was by the reduction of rents by the action of the courts; the other was the way chosen in the bill. Of the two he preferred the solution by the courts as a preliminary to the land purchase. They were met at the threshold of an inquiry into this bill by the question whether it was a sufficient one. How far would the British taxpayer go in lending his credit to the Irish landlord? The reception given to Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill of 1886 showed that he would not go far enough to settle the question. The chief secretary had recognized that fact, and had limited the amount, giving also local Irish security, but in so doing he had destroyed the solution of the question. The present bill, instead of being a solution of the Irish land question, was meant simply to enable one ninth or one-tenth of the larger and absentee Irish owners to sell out at exorbitant prices and leave their poorer and resident brethren in the lurch (cheers). It made only one out of every four Irish tenants an owner. While exhausting the only Irish credit available for the purpose of inducing the British taxpayer to lend his credit, it did not settle the question. He objected, firstly, to the bill because it ran off with the only kind of credit which the Irish people had to induce the English taxpayer to help them, and that it only dealt with one-fourth of the question, leaving three-fourths of the question unsettled. His second objection to the bill was that it was unfair to the resident Irish landlords. His third objection to the bill was that it exhausted Irish local credit without the consent of the Irish people. His fourth objection was that so long as coercion existed in Ireland, and was being used, as it was being used by the present chief secretary, to put down legitimate combinations on the part of the Irish tenantry, the tenant did not stand on an equal footing in contracting with his landlord, and would be compelled by the existance of coercion to give an exaggerated price for his holding. His fifth objection to the bill was that it made no suitable provision for the congested districts, and his sixth and last objection was that the bill was unsafe to the imperial taxpayer, the guarantees which it provided being illusory or insufficient. He would, and very reasonably, be asked if he had nothing but hostile criticism to offer, and he would answer that question by explaining his own proposals. He had thought over this question for many years, and the scheme which he would explain was, he might say, the solution which suggested itself to his mind in 1886 This land question was not, in his view, so large as many people supposed. Of course if the method of purchase which was proposed was adopted, it must be made a large question; but, in his opinion, it was not necessary to include tenants above the value of £50 in any purchase scheme, and it was certainly not necessary to include the large grazing farms.

Mr. Parnell proceeded as follows:—My proposal is, give the landlord so many years purchase, reducing the rents of judicial tenants to a satisfactory amount; let him use the money so spent in paying off the most onerous of his incumbrances, and he will in that way, as I have shown, increase his income, on the one hand, by getting rid of the heavy payment of interest that the Irish landlords have to pay for their mortgages, and you will give the tenants who have made the land what it is the 30 per cent reduction without which it would be impossible to have peace in connection with the agrarian question in Ireland (cheers). Let us see how that would work under the system proposed by the right honorable gentleman and in the typical case presented by him of a land owner having land of £100 a year net annual value, and who is encumbered to the extent of a thousand pounds, is left under the best circumstances with his present income of £40 a year reduced to £27 10 (hear hear). Let us work out the fining system and see how the matter stands under that system. He has now a present income of £40 a year; he gives a reduction of 30 per cent on £55 worth of the net annual value of his estate. I assume that he would only have to deal with 55 per cent of the area of the estate in value. That reduction amounts to £16 10s per annum, and on the security of the fund proposed by the right honorable gentlemen he has then left twenty years' purchase of this reduction, or £330. You may either treat this as a permanent loan or under the system proposed in the bill of the right honorable gentleman. I shall prefer to treat it as a permanent loan and not to associate with it a sinking fund. But I will take the two cases—one with a sinking fund and the other without. If you have a sinking fund the annuity on £330 per year at 4 per cent, will amount to £12 10s. The interest on the balance £330 being used to pay off the most pressing incumbrance—of £670 at 6 per cent will amount to £40—£34 a year with a sinking fund, as compared with an income under the purchase system in the similar case taken, £27 10s, or an increased income (hear, hear). Without a sinking fund his new income with the necessity of the payment only of 2¾ per cent will amount to £34 10s per annum, or a loss of only 13¾ per cent of his original income of £40 per annum, instead of a loss of 32½ per cent of his original income of £40 under the purchase system (hear, hear). Having shown how this works for the landlord, let me show how it will work as regards the fund and the capacity of the fund. The right honorable gentleman, in the typical case selected of a net annual value of £100 per annum, requires £2 000 in order to settle the land question upon that estate, but I only require £330 That is to say, under the fining system you only require one sixth of the advance from the public funds, one-sixth of the public funds that you require under the purchase system in order to secure the reduction of 30 per cent for the tenant, where under the purchase system you only secure a reduction o 20 per cent; so that in calculating how much money will be necessary for the complete solution of the question you have to divide the sum of one hundred and sixty six and a half millions which I have shown to be necessary for the complete solution. Under the right honorable gentleman's system you have to divide that sum by six, which brings it down to something like twenty-seven millions, or well under the thirty millions provided by the scheme of the right honorable gentleman. The compass of the question, therefore, is well within the resources of the local credit of Ireland if you approach it with a desire to settle it as a whole and not partially and in the favoritism fashion as carried out in the acts already passed (hear, hear). I have never seen any difficulty to the solution of this question if the English taxpayer would loan his credit. I see now it could be solved by a limited loan of his credit, and I shall resist to the last the attempt of the right honorable gentleman to destroy and take away from us the only credit which we have available for that purpose, for the partial, insufficient, and unfair solution which he proposes (Irish cheers).

FROM NEW YORK.

Vandalism on the Brooklyn Bridge—Mrs. Frank Leslie's Engagement—A Play in Latin.

NEW YORK, May 19.—It is officially stated that the privilege of advertising on the Brooklyn bridge has been sold by the trustees for $15,000 per year. Exactly what rights are thus conveyed to the advertiser is not known, as the trustees are very reticent about the matter and there are open insinuations of crookedness concerning the whole affair. Up to this time no advertisements have ever been allowed on the great structure, nor even in its cars, and the idea of starting in now is exciting a flood of indignation from all admirers of artistic beauty and from the public in general. We see entirely too much of that sort of advertising everywhere else. In the horse cars, in the elevated cars, on every fence, on the sides of every building that can be hired, on the sidewalks, and in fact, wherever we may turn we are confronted with this form of advertising. The line must be drawn somewhere, and, in my opinion, to plaster up the bridge towers, cover the interior of the cars and stations and suspend signs from the cables would be such acts of vandalism as to call forth the execration of all good citizens, no matter how much money should be obtained thereby.

The reported engagement of Mrs. Frank Leslie and the Marquis de Leuville is causing no end of gossip and much conjecture as to the probable result. The would-be groom is a notorious and worthless fellow who is well known in this city because of his "eccentricities" and his alleged title. It is said that he paints his face, dyes his hair, wears corsets, is old and deformed. How he can by any possibility be a match for Mrs. Leslie, who besides being endowed with ability and money, is very attractive in appearance, is something hard to explain. If reports are true, Mrs. Leslie has had many another chance of re-entering the marriage state and has little use for such a husband as de Leuville. Perhaps the nail is hit on the head by those who suggest that Mrs. Leslie wants an advertisement and not de Leuville.

A novel and unique performance was given last Thursday evening by the students of the College of St. Francis Xavier, this city, which was nothing less than the presentation of a Roman comedy entirely in Latin. Everything connected with the performance was carried out exactly as might have been done in the days of Cæsar. The scenery and costumes were the same, the stage settings were made to conform to archæological requirements, the ushers were "dissignatores," and the programmes were elegantly printed with the Latin libretto on one side and the English translation on the other. The play was "The Two Captives," and was written by Titus Maccius Plautus, the poet. It will be played in English by the same students next week.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A RIDE BY NIGHT.

When Rupert and his friends arrived at Grangemore he was much surprised to find Colonel Montfort there also. The colonel had ridden after him, in the expectation of overtaking him and accompanying him in his ride, but failing to do so, had turned up to the castle in hope of finding him.

Rupert was very glad to meet him there, and was further glad when he accepted the invitation to remain at Grangemore for dinner.

The day passed very pleasantly After luncheon they had a long ride through the country, and after dinner they strolled the long corridors of arching trees through which the setting sun streamed in broken and radiant magnificence, as through the glowing casements of Moorish cathedral.

After dusk, Sir Hardinge, his lady and son and daughter, with the colonel and Rupert, sat on the balcony till late, the gentlemen smoking their cigars and chatting about every odd matter that turned up. It was, as Sir Hardinge and his family learned with great re[illegible] the last week which Rupert shou[illegible] in Ireland, and the subject occ[illegible]deal of their conversation, t[illegible] to prolong it greater

He had fallen in s[illegible] ways, and identified himse[illegible] the individuality of each one, t[illegible] perfectly established himself in [illegible] gards of all, and they were, therefore, tremely sorry for his going. Miss Ha[illegible] grave was particularly troubled at it, for in their long and careless wanderings through the garden and under the stately trees of the lawn, during his convalescence, they had been thrown so much together, that her regard for him developed rapidly—a feeling which Rupert had reciprocated up to the day of his visit to Joe.

The hour arrived, however, when it was necessary to leave, and Rupert and the colonel, with many invitations to come again the next day, or some day before Rupert's departure, and with promises on his part to do so, took their leave.

It was intensely dark, and close on midnight, when they turned their horses' heads homewards.

"It's a long way round, Rupert," said Col Montfort, "to go by the road it would be three or four miles at least. Is there not a short cut somewhere in this direction—a boreen or bridle-path or something or other through the fields?"

"There is," said Rupert, "but I doubt if we can make it out in the darkness."

"We had better try," said the colonel. "I detest these long rides where there's a short cut available."

"You would find yourself much sooner at the barrack by taking the longer way," said Rupert. "It is almost impossible to see your hand in this darkness."

"No matter," said the colonel, "we shall try it. The moon will rise in a short time."

"All right," said Rupert assentingly. "This is the path as well as I know it."

"Lead on then, Rupert," said the colonel. "We can scarcely fail to go straight, knowing the direction."

Rupert took the lead, and went on at a gentle trot where they were enabled to see that the path led through an open field, but more slowly where it got intermingled with the boreens and lanes that led to the farmers' houses surrounding.

After half an hour's journeying of this kind Rupert, who was somewhat ahead, stopped and waited for the colonel to come up to him.

"It seems to me to be growing darker," said Rupert.

"So it does to me," said the colonel. "It's the darkest night I think I ever saw. It's pitch dark."

"And what's worse," said Rupert, "we must have lost our way I am afraid. I don't know this confounded lane at all that we are in, as often as I have ridden this way."

"What are we to do?"

"I really don't know. We should have struck the high road by this time, if we had not deflected out of our way somehow."

"We may be going further astray by advancing," said the colonel.

"Of course we may," said Rupert. "And there is no chance at this hour of the night, and in this lonely place, of meeting any one to direct us."

"If we could only come across a farmhouse."

"You might pass one in this darkness," said Rupert, "and not see it. The people are all in bed hours ago, and all the lights out."

"Look," said the colonel. "Look, Rupert. Is not that a light yonder?"

"Yes it is," said Rupert, looking in the direction where the light glimmered in a window pane.

"Whose house do you think that might be?"

"I could not say," said Rupert. "I am not sufficiently acquainted with the country to say in this darkness. Some farmhouse, I suppose."

"Suppose we ride there and inquire. It does not look far off."

"No," said Rupert, "it does not. I suppose it is the best thing we can do. You had better lead on this time—I have been so unlucky a guide."

"Agreed," said the colonel, as he moved his horse before his companion, and led the way in the direction of the light.

"Rupert!" cried he, after traveling for some time, turning to his companion.

Rupert rode up to him. He had been following mechanically—his mind filled with reflections, wherein Norah Moore, Maury Keefe, and their unknown visitors formed no inconsiderable part.

"Why we have been traveling in a circle!" cried the colonel. "Look!"

"Grangemore Castle again!" said Rupert in astonishment, as he looked up at the pile of building in front of them."

"Nothing else!" said the colonel. "We could not do better in this pitchy darkness. But where is this the light was?"

"Further over, we shall see it again. This angle of the house hides it from us. Let us ride there."

"Just as you like," said Rupert; "but I know my way now. We need not inquire further. I know my way to the high road, and once there we shall be all right."

"Very well, come along. There's the light," said the colonel, as they rode outside the wall that surrounded the house, and that came very close to it. "But look, Rupert! what the devil is that fellow doing there at this hour? Look!"

Reining up their horses on the sward outside the wall, they looked in through the open window at some distance from them, but not higher than their heads. A man inside was busily engaged in dipping pieces of chopped sticks into a pot that was on the fire, and taking them out and tying them in little bundles. His back was towards them; but they could see distinctly the interior of the room from where they sat.

Having made one little bundle he stood up and turned round to a heap of coarse flax or "borrough" that lay on a table, and from which he roughly wove the ropes that tied them together.

"I know him," said Rupert. "That's the steward," as the man tied up the small bundle and having done so, once more dipped it in the pot and laid it aside with the others.

"He is late at work," said Colonel Montfort. "Shall we call his attention by throwing a stone at the window and make certain of our way?"

"Oh, not at all!" said Rupert, "there is no need for that. I know the way now perfectly. We should only awake the whole household, and it would be so ridiculous to be seen wandering about like this in the night."

"Perhaps you are right," said the colonel. "We had better leave him undisturbed to his industry; although it looks an odd kind of industry, doesn't it."

"It does," said Rupert, putting his horse trot; "but that's his own business. [illegible]e not much reason to complain of [illegible]uch as it led us into a safe

[illegible]annot help thinking it was [illegible]d an odd hour to be at [illegible]ht, Rupert, our pres- [illegible]uickly as [illegible] barra[illegible] the nig[illegible]

"Yes, w[illegible] putting spu[illegible] quietly across the la[illegible] wide detour around the ca[illegible] making noise or causing observ[illegible] entered on the broad avenue that led to the high road.

Once there they went more rapidly, and waking the echoes of the night, were soon clattering up the streets of Athlone to the barrack gate after a sharp ride.

"It must be farther in the night than I thought," said the colonel, as they dismounted at the doors of their quarters; "there's the dawn already breaking. Look in the sky yonder!"

"Yes, so it is I declare!" said Rupert looking in the direction where on the distant horizon the first rosy tinge of the dawn appeared. I had no idea of being so late. I feel awfully tired. I shall sleep late in the morning. Don't wake me. I thought I was stronger."

And with a good night they parted inside the door, each going to his respective quarters.

"My watch must have gone astray," said the colonel as he reached the bedroom. "It's only 2 o'clock by it, and yet the day seems breaking."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BURNING OF GRANGEMORE.

Rupert Clarendon was awakened by a quick, hurried rapping at the door.

Lazily rousing himself from a dream, in which Norah Moore had played a conspicuous part, and in which her handsome face came to him like an angel vision, he called "Come in."

Somewhat to his surprise Col. Montfort entered.

"I hope I am not disturbing you, Rupert."

"No," said Rupert, "certainly not, my dear colonel; but what brings you so early?"

"Why, my dear fellow, the fact is there is strange news—alarming news—just come in."

"Of what sort?"

"Of a very serious sort. Nothing more nor less than that Grangemore Castle is on fire."

"On fire?" said Rupert, hastily arising. "You don't say so. It cannot be possible."

"It is not alone possible, Rupert, but it is so in fact. A messenger has ridden in with the news. So dress quickly, and come."

"How did it happen? Are you quite sure he is not mistaken?"

"There is no mistake in the world, I regret to say. Come here."

He called Rupert to the window looking towards the east.

"That redness in the sky yonder is not the dawn—you don't think?"

The sky, as Rupert looked, was red with a strange gleam. It shone with lurid light in the direction where he knew well the Castle lay.

"No," he said, as he looked; "that is the reflection of a fire and a large one. My God! what could have caused it? Have you heard how it happened?"

"The messenger gives two reasons—conjectures rather. Number one, the vindictiveness of the tenants who have been, or are about to be, dispossessed of their holdings; number two, the incendiary doings of some returned convicts."

"Who are they?—I have not heard of them before."

"Nor I, Rupert. Nor perhaps any one else, for the messenger is in such a state of excitement that scarcely a word of sense can be extracted from him. But come, Rupert, quickly; the men are waiting."

"I am ready," said Rupert, and they descended the stairs and emerged into the barrack square.

The men were ready mounted, standing silently in the dark, waiting for them.

In a few moments the officers were in their saddles and riding swiftly in the direction of the fire.

Rupert and the colonel—the former especially—were not disposed to let the grass grow under their feet. Rupert had met with a great deal of kind treatment from Sir Hardinge and his family, and, placing all other matters aside, he was filled with concern for the calamity that had overtaken them.

This calamity, as they galloped nea[illegible] became more apparent. The whole c[illegible] try side was illuminated with the gla[illegible] the burning mansion. When they c[illegible] still nearer and within visible dist[illegible] the red flames rose high and wide, through the vistas of the thick grove[illegible] rounding, shone like a huge furnace lit up the hill that arose at some dis[illegible] behind with a brightness that made moving crowds of affrighted gazers t[illegible] visible as in the noonday, whils[illegible] [illegible]re the dawn was bres[illegible] [illegible]trast as black as nigh[illegible] [illegible]is awful, Sir Hardi[illegible] [illegible]s he rode up t[illegible] [illegible]the baronet a[illegible] [illegible]tic, who ha[illegible] at so[illegible] it burn.

Sir Har[illegible] trouble to m[illegible] hand, whilst h[illegible] his men, picketed [illegible] and wedt forward to see wha[illegible]e could be given to save the mans.

"How did it happen? What caused it?" asked the colonel again.

"What caused it Colonel Montfort?" said Lady Hargrave in a voice swollen with rage and sorrow combined. "What caused it, sir? The vile incendiaries and murderers that have long infested our property—the lepers that we have permitted to remain on the land, and that would as readily have murdered us as done this."

"Peace, peace, Lady Hargrave," said the baronet, on whose overwhelmed senses her voice came with grating and discordant effect.

"Peace!" almost shrieked her ladyship, upon whom this slight check had but the opposite effect. "Peace with midnight murderers and assassins and burners! Peace with returned convicts, whose hands are red with crime, and from whom the law and you, sir"—turning to the colonel—"should have protected us. Yes, sir, protected us."

Not quite understanding the nature of this violent outburst, but quite willing to forgive and overlook anything that might be said under the present circumstances Colonel Montfort quietly replied, with every mark of sympatay and courtesy—

"I know nothing, Lady Hargrave, of any returned convicts, nor did I hear of them until the messenger hinted at something of the kind."

"You see their handiwork at any rate, sir. That does not take much ability to find out."

"I see with deep sorrow and regret the calamity that has fallen on you, Lady Hergrave; but I am as yet wholly unacquainted with the cause of it."

"That shows, sir, the amount of protection we may expect from those that are paid to do their duty."

"Lady Hargrave ——."

The colonel was about to remonstrate against this insulting language, but the enraged lady went on—

"Yes, sir, to do their duty. Returned convicts, escaped criminals, are allowed with impunity to infest the country, to murder, and destroy by midnight torch the homes of the land. There!"—and her outstretched hand pointed in the direction of the flames—"there is a specimen of their work!"

As the colonel looked at them and saw the destruction which they were causing, the momentary anger he had felt at her ladyship's heated words melted into nought before the generous wave of sympathy that passed over his heart.

"I deeply deplore this cruel loss," he said, kindly. "You speak of returned convicts having committed this dreadful outrage. What reasons have you—pardon me for asking the question, but I shall have every house and hedge through the county searched for them if that be the case—for saying that there are any such in the county?"

"You have evidence before you, sir, that there are. If you need further proof you have not far to go to find it. Here"—turning to the steward—"tell Colonel Montfort what you have seen."

The colonel listened with great intentness to the narrative the man told him, and when he had finished, said to one of the soldiers who had remained with the picketed horses—

"Tell Lieut. Clarendon I wish to see him at once."

That officer soon rode up, and the colonel, with a good deal less than his usual friendliness, said:

"Lieut. Clarendon, take a troop of horse with you at once—this man will guide you on your way—and arrest the parties whom he will point out to you. Bind them and bring them to the barrack prison!"

Rather astonished at this formal address from the colonel, so unusual with him, [illegible]ert at once proceeded to put the order [illegible]orce. So, gathering together a troop [illegible]is men, and providing a mount for his [illegible]ide, they were soon trotting rapidly [illegible]wn the avenue to the high road.

[illegible]e was too full of the exciting scene he [illegible] witnessed and of regret for his late [illegible]t and his family to think much of [illegible]ght else; so he suffered his guide in [illegible]nce to lead him whithersoever he [illegible]uld. He made no inquiries, and asked [illegible] questions—indeed, scarcely ever addressing him, satisfied to do his duty when [illegible] occasion arose.

[illegible]e was busily engaged pondering over [illegible] changed demeanor of the colonel [illegible]ards him, when they reached that part [illegible] the way where the road that led to [illegible] hard Cottage branched off the main [illegible]. He was perfectly familiar with the [illegible] [illegible]thers to [illegible]ften, and [illegible] [illegible]landscape in the dawning [illegible] led up at once the [illegible] of Norah Moore before him. It [illegible] occurred to him what a pity it was not further advanced in the morning, that he might pay a visit, when, to his astonishment, the guide turned his horse's head in that direction.

He promptly reined up.

"What do you mean by this? What do you mean by taking this direction? Where are you going?" he asked, whilst a feeling of inexpressible alarm crept over him.

"I am going where I am told to go—and where it is your duty to go," said the guide gruffly.

Rupert glanced more sharply at him. He at once recognized the fact of the man whom he had seen in an altercation with Sir Hardinge, and whom he had seen the latter so unmercifully horsewhip. Also, he remembered him as the same to whose conversation by the streamlet's bank he had been an unwilling listener, and further as the one whose gait and appearance bore such extraordinary likeness to those of Marmaduke.

"On my honor!" thought Rupert, as all these things flashed on his mind simultaneously, "I shouldn't at all wonder if his singular statement to Sir Hardinge were perfectly correct. It's the most extraordinary likeness. Oh! woman! woman! What a world it is!"

It was, perhaps, a necessary sequence to these thoughts that he should ask aloud—

"What is your name?"

"What is it to you what my name is? That's not what you're here for."

"Perhaps not," said Rupert, quietly, "but as I have to make mention of it in my report, it is essential I should know it."

"My name is Keliff McNab," said the other, surlily.

"You're the steward?"

"I was the steward."

"Are you not still?"

"I was—until yesterday."

"By the way," said Rupert, a vague kind of remembrance breaking in on him anew, "I have seen you somewhere lately—have I not?"

"I have answered enough of your questions," said the man. "Are you going to ride on?"

"Where are you leading?—where are you guiding us to?" asked Rupert, a fresh accession of vague fear coming over him, as he bethought of the direction in which his guide was motioning him."

"Are you ready to come, or must I return to Lady Hargrave and tell her you won't?"

"Where are you bringing us?—I have a right to know that?"

"Are you ready to do your duty?" asked the quondam steward in such insulting manner that Rupert felt his fingers clutching tightly the riding whip he carried.

"Where are you going?"

"If you don't come, and that at once, I'll ride back," said the guide, apparently preparing to put his resolution into practice.

"Go on," said Rupert angrily, "but see that you lead me on no fool's errand, or by the Lord I'll——"

"You'll what? Maybe you don't like the work. Maybe you'd rather let them—"

"See, sir," said Rupert, incensed at the other's insolence, "lead on and address me no more."

"I didn't address you. It was you addressed me."

Rupert made no reply, but, drawing his horse aside, made room for him to pass on and go before, for hitherto they had been riding together.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Caitilín mo Mhuirnín.

I

A Caitilín mo mhúirnín! tá'n mhaidin'n a'na spéiridh,
Tá búbhal an t-seailgaire a' séidiúghadh go binn,
Go h-éadtrom ó'n drúchd glas tá'n fhu seógaig éirigh
A Chaitilín mo mhúirnín! 's mé súilleat go tinn:
Ar dhearmad tú, a chead—ghrádh, ganmhoill béidh sinn scarúghadh
Ná'n cuimhneach leat ár n-díbirt ó n'chéile choidhche?
Is féidir go h-éug ná lé bliadhna 'nta' ganaireadh
Ol cadh bh-fuil tú tosdach, a Chaitilín mo mhúirnín.
Is féider go h-éug ná lé bliadhna gan aireadh
Ol cadh bh-fuil tú tosdach a Chaitilín mo mhúirnín.

II

A Chaitilín mo mhúirnín! Ol déisigh ó d'chodhiamh,
Tá bás gach aoibh béidhte a lonnradh gr éin'buidhe,
Ca bh-fuil gach téud ceólmhar 'bhí sundach domboladh?
Ol éirigh 'n do sgiamh, a réult-eolus m'oidhche;
Ol éirigh 'n do sgiamh, a réult-eolus m'oidhche;
Mo mhúirnín! mo mhúirnín! tá 'm dhe ora' fras tuiteach,
'Nuair smuainim ar m'aisdear uit 'e Eire gan sgith;
Is féidir go h-éug ná le fad bhliadh 'nta' militeach,
Ol cadh bh-fuil tú tosdach, a bhinn-ghuth mo chroidh?
Is féidir go h-éug ná le fad bhliadh'uta militeach,
Maiseadh cadh bh-fuil tu tosdach, a Chaitilín mo mhúirnín?

Kathleen Mavourneen.

I

Kathleen, mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking;
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from his light wing the bright dew is shaking;
Then Kathleen, mavourneen, why slumbering still.
Oh! hast thou forgotten, this day we must sever?
Or hast thou forgotten, this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever!—
Then, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever;—
Then, why art thou silent, Kathleen, mavourneen?

II

Kathleen, mavourneen awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light.
Oh! where is the spell that once hung o'er my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen! mavourneen! my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part,—
It may be for years, and it may be forever,—
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart!
It may be for years, and it may be for ever:—
Then, why art thou sleeping, Kathleen mavourneen.

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EUROPEAN SITUATION.

Von Moltke Says It Is One of Increasing Delicacy.

GUARANTEE FOR GERMAN SECURITY.

The Empire Must Maintain a Strong Military System if Peace Is To Be Continued —Reception Tendered to Explorer Stanley by the Corporation of the City of London — Agricultural Exhibition at Vienna—Other Foreign Items.

BERLIN, May 14.—In the reichstag Wednesday the minister of war explained at length the provisions of the proposed military bill. Count von Moltke supported the minister's representations, and said that the European situation was one of increasing delicacy and one which was growing more difficult of solution by reason of the intricate problems in state policy which it constantly presented. It was, Count von Moltke asserted, imperative that Germany should maintain a strong military system, as a strong government alone would be able to maintain peace. Continuing, Count von Moltke said that while it was true that most of the great powers honestly desired the preservation of peace, and that everybody hesitated to throw a spark into the powder barrel, yet the guarantee for the security of the empire could only be found in German strength and preparation.

MORE HONORS FOR STANLEY.

Brilliant Reception by the Corporation of the City of London.

LONDON, May 14.—The reception given to Henry M. Stanley by the corporation of the city of London in the Guild hall Tuesday was the grandest of all the demonstrations that have been made in honor of the great explorer since his arrival here. Long before the time appointed for the reception the streets in the vicinity of the Guild hall were so crowded with people that traffic was entirely suspended, a state of affairs that existed for several hours. The speeches, which were delivered by several members of the municipal government welcoming Stanley to London and conferring upon him the freedom of the city, were of the most eulogistic character. A large number of ladies were in attendance and paid especial attention to the guest of the occasion. The freedom of the city was presented in the usual diminutive casket, and the explorer was also the recipient of a number of pictures and maps of Africa and London, together with the arms of Great Britain and the United States.

The Emperor at Koenigsberg.

KOENIGSBERG, May 14.—The Emperor and Empress of Germany arrived here and were received at the railway station by Dr. Von Schliockmann, governor of the province of East Prussia; Gen. Bronsart Von Tchellendorff, commander of the first army corps, whose headquarters are here and the burgomaster of the city. A guard of honor was also at the station and when their majesties alighted from the train the band played "The Watch on the Rhine." The day was observed as a holiday and the streets of the city were handsomely decorated. The emperor and empress were presented with bouquets and addresses and their reception by the people was a most enthusiastic one.

Agricultural Show at Vienna.

VIENNA, May 14.—The great international agricultural exhibition was opened here by the Emperor Francis Joseph in person in the presence of an immense concourse of people, many of whom were men prominent in Great Britain and the countries of continental Europe. France and Italy stand at the head of the foreign nations represented by exhibits in the importance and value of their displays as well as by the elaborateness of detail manifested in their arrangement.

Burns Does the Crawfish Act.

LONDON, May 14.—The great debate on the eight-hour question between Bradlaugh and Burns, agitator, which was announced to take place as soon as a suitable hall could be secured, has been indefinitely postponed owing to the withdrawal of Burns. Inasmuch as Burns was the challenging party much surprise has been occasioned by his action, for which no adequate reason is given.

The Czar Will Pool Issues with Germany.

LONDON, May 14.—A dispatch to The Times from Vienna says that the removal of Prince Bismarck decided the czar to reverse his policy of an alliance with France, and to revert to the policy of forming an alliance with Germany. The czar, it is asserted, always distrusted the stability of the French republic, but it was impossible for him to agree with Germany while Bismarck was in office.

The Colossus Is a Myth.

PARIS, May 14.—MM. Bartholdi and Eiffel have been making careful and elaborate calculations in mechanics, by which they have arrived at the conclusion that the famous Colossus of Rhodes is a wholly mythical statue and that no such thing ever existed. This will be a grain of mathematical comfort to those scholars who have always refused to believe in the Colossus.

Nine Thousand on Strike.

BILBAO, Spain, May 14.—Nine thousand miners in the province of Biscay have gone out on strike for an increase of pay and a decrease in the hours of labor.

Must Consult England.

ROME, May 14.—In the chamber of deputies Premier Crispi said the triple alliance was solely a defensive one. Nothing would be done without the approval of England.

Texas Prohibition Ticket.

FORT WORTH, Tex., May 14.—The state Prohibition convention met here and nominated the following state ticket: For governor, E. C. Heath, of Rockwell county; lieutenant governor, J. M. Thomason, of Carson county; treasurer, W. D. Jackson, of Waco; attorney general, James Goff, of Travis county; comptroller, S. G. Tomlinson, of Hopkins county; superintendent of public instruction, Professor A. Clark, of Hood. The Prohibition platform was adopted.

A Rush for the Land Office.

PIERRE, S. D., May 14.—The rush of settlers to the newly opened Pierre land office continues. At midnight the line again began to form from the door of the office, and at 9 o'clock it reached far down the street. One man about twenty paces from the door was offered $25 for his place, but refused. Several fights were indulged in but the police restored order.

HE DIED, HOWEVER.

Christian Scientists Make a Dismal Failure at Denver.

DENVER, Colo., May 17.—J. H. Vincent, mining broker, died here after sensational experiences with Christian Scientists, of which sect his wife is a member. While suffering from Bright's disease two months ago Vincent was attended by two leading physicians, who pronounced his disease incurable. Then Mrs. Vincent drove them out of the house and forbade their return. The invalid's mother even was forced out of her lodging in the same house because she protested. Every evening prayers were recited, and, despite the sufferings of the patient, no medicine was administered. When the Humane society demanded admission the sick man was propped against a window and forced to say that he was being treated all right. Vincent came from Chicago six years ago.

FLOURING MILL BURNED.

The Winona Mill Company's Immense Plant Entirely Destroyed.

WINONA, Minn., May 15.—A fire started in the fire room of the Winona Mill company's flouring mill, and destroyed the entire plant, including the mill and elevator. Total loss on the property is estimated at $300,000, and may exceed that; insured for $200,000, mostly in mutual companies. There were about 25,000 bushels of wheat in the elevator and 1,200 barrels of flour in the mill. The company employed about 100 men. The mill had a capacity of 2,000 barrels, and was about the finest equipped building of the kind in the world.

Will Pray for Rain.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 17.—Archbishop John Ireland, of the archdiocese of St. Paul, has issued a general letter to every bishop and priest in his jurisdiction, which covers the general northwest, instructing them to add after every mass a special prayer for rain and for the general welfare of the crops. Reports from North Dakota indicate that a terrific wind storm has prevailed in the western part of the state for nearly twenty-four hours. The damage to growing crops has been very heavy. Not enough rain has fallen to wet the ground, and farmers are much discouraged.

Fleeced by a Clever Crook.

ADRIAN, Mich., May 17.—Wakefield's bank at Morenci, this county, has just been fleeced by a clever crook calling himself Charles Edgerton. The fellow canvassed the country around selling cloth and accepted orders from some of the solid farmers for small bills of goods on local merchants. Then he adroitly made facsimiles of the signatures thus obtained upon notes for various amounts, which he negotiated at the bank. An attache of the bank and sheriff's officers are on the trail of a Jackson crook, who is suspected of the forgery.

Southern Methodists on Romanism.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 17.—A series of resolutions signed by a number of delegates was introduced in the Methodist Episcopal conference Friday, denouncing Romanism and recommending that the Sunday school committee be directed to have such instruction as they deem necessary placed in the catechism informing the children on Protestantism, teaching them why they are Protestants, and impressing on them the great evils of Romanism. After debate the resolutions were referred to the committee on Sunday schools.

The Mine Horror at Ashley, Pa.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 17.—Two more bodies were brought out of the fatal mine at Ashley, Pa., at noon Saturday and taken to the morgue. They were identified as Robert Prichard and Michael Scalley. The body of the latter was badly charred. Twelve of the bodies recovered Friday have been identified and taken to their homes. The four victims supposed to be in the pit will probably be recovered soon, as work is progressing rapidly at the mine. The opening of the mine is still surrounded by a great crowd.

Commander McCalla Suspended.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 15.—Secretary Tracy has promulgated the findings and sentence of the court-martial in the case of Commander McCalla. The sentence of the court is: "To be suspended from rank and duty for a period of three years, and to retain his present number on the list of commanders while so suspended." Secretary Tracy approved the sentence.

Senator Wolcott Married.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 14.—The society world of Buffalo came out in round numbers at noon to attend the wedding of Mrs. Frances Metcalfe Bass, of this city, and United States Senator Edward Oliver Wolcott, of Denver, Colo. The marriage was celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral church, the Rev. Dr. Francis Lobdell officiating.

Big Robbery of Jewelry.

WAVERLY, Iowa, May 13.—The depot of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City railway was broken into and the sample trunks of B. F. Norris, of Chicago, wholesale jewelry, represented by their salesman, Joel Robinson, were broken open and robbed of several thousand dollars' worth of valuable diamonds and jewelry.

The Hibernians Adjourn.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 17.—The Hibernian convention has adjourned to meet at New Orleans in 1892. Officers were elected as follows: National delegate, M. F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia; national secretary, M. D. Slattery, of Albany; national treasurer, Thomas J. Dundon, of Columbus, Ohio.

Killed by Her Infant Daughter.

RICHMOND, Mo., May 15.—A 7-year old child of Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell found an old and rusty revolver in a bureau drawer, and, walking up to her mother, pointed the weapon at her and pulled the trigger. The bullet entered her mother's head, and the latter fell dead.

The Kentucky Derby.

LOUISVILLE, May 14.—Rain fell all of Tuesday night and most of the day Wednesday, sadly interfering with the racing at Churchill Downs. The principal event, the Derby was won by Riley, Bill Letcher second and Robespirre third; time, 2:45.

Blaine's Daughter Married.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 17.—Margaret Isabella Blaine, oldest daughter of the secretary of state, was married at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the residence of her father, in this city, to Walter Damrosch, of New York.

The Brooklyn Handicap.

BROOKLYN, May 15.—Castaway won the Brooklyn Handicap by ten lengths. Badge second, Eric third: 2:10.

TWENTY-FIVE VICTIMS.

Awful Effects of a Pennsylvania Mine Explosion.

CAVE-IN FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION.

The Calamity Occurs at the Hartford Mine While Twenty-Seven Men Were Inside and Only Two Escaped with Their Lives—The Bodies of the Victims So Far Recovered Horribly Mangled, Some Being Headless.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 16.—The long series of awful mine disasters that have visited this valley within the last year reached a climax Thursday morning in the entombing of twenty-seven men in the Hartford mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company at Ashley, three miles from this city. At 9 o'clock Thursday morning the community was thrown into a state of wild excitement when the news spread that a great cave-in had occurred in No. 6 colliery, covering an area of more than ten acres. Thousands rushed to the scene of the disaster and found that the surface almost as far as the eye could reach was seamed and cracked with long circular fissures, some of which were over two feet wide. The sorrow of the people was intensified when it became known that twenty-seven of their friends who had gone down the pit in the morning were in the portion that had caved and in all probability were entombed forever in a mass of coal and rock.

Searching for the Victims.

That portion of the mine in which the men were is down the slope, and the cave-in, if it did not overwhelm them at once, shut off all means of reaching the surface. Rescuing parties were at once organized and an opening broken through into a manway in the bed of a mammoth stream, where the chambers in that part of No. 9 came within a few feet of the surface. All day long the men toiled like Titans at the hard and stubborn rock, while the weeping wives and little ones of the doomed victims stood around the opening and rent the air with their cries and lamentations. Gang after gang relieved one another, until at 5 o'clock the news was passed that they had succeeded in breaking through the chambers beneath the cave. A period of indescribable suspense followed, while the thousands who stood around the opening waited for some intelligence from the men at the front. The men toiled on in silence till quarter past 6, when there was a commotion at the mouth of the dark opening and the foreman crawled out on his hands and knees and announced that they had found one of the victims.

Nineteen Dead Bodies.

Exploring parties Friday found nineteen dead in the mine; six more are missing and it is probable they are also dead. It is now stated that all of the entombed miners are dead. At 7 o'clock Friday morning the rescuing party discovered one of the Hungarian brothers named Russ in an abandoned working. Russ died on being brought to the surface. All the men, with the exception of two rescued Thursday evening, it is now said, were killed by the explosion which occurred two hours after the cave-in took place. The bodies of the victims are being taken out. They are horribly mangled, in some instances heads having been blown entirely off. When the nineteen dead and charred bodies were being brought out the scene at the mine was heartrending in the extreme. Men, women and children shrieking and groaning fell upon their knees, lifted their hands and eyes toward Heaven and prayed for the dead.

The Mine Boss' Fault.

General Superintendent Phillips, in an interview with a reporter of the United Press, says: "The men lost their lives through the negligence of Assistant Mine Boss Allen, who insisted on relighting his lamp in the presence of a large volume of gas. Had he not done so the men now dead could all have been rescued alive, as there was a good current of air passing through the chamber where the men had taken refuge after the cave-in had taken place."

BOUGHT BY BRITISHERS.

The Jackson Iron Mining Company to Change Hands.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 16.—The entire property of the Jackson Iron Mining company will be owned in England within a few days. Negotiations have been going on for several months and a company has finally formed abroad to take up the 12,000 shares of stock at $125 a share, or $1,500,000 for the mine. The Jackson property is one of the best on Lake Superior. It has been controlled for two years by William Chisholm and J. H. Wade, Jr., of Cleveland and Samuel Marshall of Negaunee, Mich. They bought the stock at the price at which it now sells, $125 a share, but it has paid $70 a share in dividends within the two years in which they have held it.

A Minneapolis Alderman Acquitted.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 17.—Alderman John T. McGowan has been found not guilty of the charge of accepting a bribe. The first vote taken by the jury stood 8 to 3 in favor of acquittal, one blank ballot being cast. In less than an hour the jury agreed upon their verdict. Alderman McGowan will probably sue The Times and Alderman Emerson Cole. Alderman Brueshaber, who is to be tried for the same offense, will be heard next Monday week. The grand jury resumes its duties Tuesday, and it is rumored that more "boodle" indictments will be found against members of the city council.

Shot by a Crazy Man.

BOSTON, May 17.—Oliver Wallace, a horse-car conductor, was shot Friday by Samuel Edmester, a painter, who was working on Wallace's house. The wounds will probably prove fatal. Edmester was undoubtedly crazy. There has been no words between the men, but Edmester suddenly drew a revolver and fired four shots. He made no attempt to escape. When questioned, he said he did not know why he shot Wallace. He seemed dazed. He has been a hard drinker. Both men have families.

Horsewhipped His Brother-in-Law.

FALL RIVER, Mass., May 17.—James C. Eddy, mill treasurer, horsewhipped his brother-in-law, P. J. Gage, a prominent cotton broker on the street Friday evening. The men have been at odds for a long time, the trouble growing out of an allegation by Eddy that his sister was badly treated by her husband. The affair causes a sensation owing to the prominence of the parties.

A TOILSOME JOURNEY.

An Entire Family Walk from Marion County, Kas., to St. Joseph, Mo.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., May 17.—George Brooks, his wife and five children ranging in age from 4 to 14 years have arrived in St. Joseph, having walked from Marion county, Kas., over three hundred miles, since the first of the month. The family went to southwestern Kansas during the boom and proved up a claim. Poor crops resulted in their losing both farm and stock. Their neighbors were in almost as hard circumstances as themselves, and when Brooks concluded to start to his old home at Sigourney, Iowa, nobody could assist him.

In a Terrible Condition.

He finally determined to walk, and his conclusion was partly carried out. When they arrived here they were in a horrible condition. The wife's shoes were worn out and her feet were one mass of sores. The younger children, boys aged 4 and 6 years, had walked nearly all the way, and their cowhide shoes had made running ulcers in their heels a quarter of an inch deep. Brooks insists that there are hundreds in the new counties of Kansas whose condition is in no way any better than that of his family.

A FUNERAL IN BOATS.

Much Distress Caused by High Water at Columbia, Tex.

COLUMBIA, Tex., May 17.—The condition of this town is distressing in the extreme. The river has risen steadily for two weeks or more until it has overflowed the community. The first floors of the residences are submerged, the occupants being driven into the upper stories. From one-storied cottages residents have been compelled to move to the homes of hospitable neighbors. The waters are still rising. There is not 1,000 square feet in Columbia out of water. Business is suspended, churches are closed, and the people go everywhere in boats.

A Procession of Boats.

A novel scene, which has perhaps never been enacted before in Texas, was presented at the funeral of the late Gen. Duff. A large concourse of mourning friends, including the entire Masonic fraternity, followed the corpse to the cemetery, two miles from town, in boats. There were forty-six boats in the procession, with an average of five occupants in each. For thirty-two years, from 1853 to 1885, there had been no overflow in the Brazos at this point. Since 1853 there has been an unusual overflow, but none that was prolonged or did any damage.

ROBBED OF HIS FORTUNE.

Thirteen Thousand Dollars Taken from an Ohio Farmer.

CINCINNATI, May 17.—Henry Freeman, a farmer residing at Heinrich, Shelby, county, Illinois, was robbed of $13,000 in the railroad station at Delaware, Ohio, Freeman was on his way home from New York, where he had been to dispose of a lot of stock and produce. He carried a big satchel under his arm, and seemed very anxious about it. The train stopped at Delaware for dinner. Freeman got off with his precious package, which he deposited on a high bench.

Bricks Instead of Money.

He forgot it for a few minutes, but went after it before the train started. Some time after leaving Delaware Freeman opened the satchel and nearly fainted when he found his money gone and the bag filled with bricks and papers. The total amount, which was about $13,000, represented almost the unhappy farmer's entire fortune. There is no clew to the thieves, but it is believed they must have followed him.

DEED OF A MANIAC.

He Murders the Superintendent of a County Poor Farm.

FREEPORT, Ill., May 17.—Jacob S. Reisinger, superintendent of the county poor farm, was brutally murdered with an ax by an insane man named William Wilhelm. Mr. Reisinger and a farm hand named Gangle were riding on the front seat of a wagon, the lunatic standing up behind them. Wilhelm, without warning, picked up the ax and brought the sharp edge down with tremendous force a dozen times on the head and body of his victim. The horses ran away and threw the body out. The maniac was caught by Gangle, but afterwards escaped with the ax in his hand.

The Behring Sea Dispute.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 17.—The Dominion parliament was prorogued at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon. The governor general, in the course of his speech proroguing parliament, referred to the Behring sea question as follows: "The negotiations respecting the Behring sea question are still in progress at Washington City, with good prospects of a favorable result. Meantime the continuance for another year of what is known as the modus vivendi will serve to show our earnest desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with the United States government and people."

A Town Destroyed by Fire.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, May 17.—Covington, the saloon town across the river about which so much has been written, was entirely consumed by fire between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Last January all the buildings on the west side of the only street were burned, and the blaze took all those on the east side. Nine buildings were burned. Six of those were occupied by saloons. Very little of the contents was saved. The loss is about $16,000; insured for less than half. There is no probability that the town will be rebuilt.

An Insane Mother's Murderous Deed.

CHICAGO, May 17.—Mrs. Ada Ekstrom, wife of a mechanic at 78 Locust street, became insane about noon Friday and attempted to murder her two babies by throwing them from the second story of the building where they resided. The elder child, 2½ years of age, suffered a fractured skull and a broken arm. The other, aged 9 months, had an arm broken and was internally injured. It is thought both will recover. The mother was taken to the detention hospital.

Carlisle Gets the Plum.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 17.—The Hon. John G. Carlisle was nominated to succeed Senator Beck by the Democratic caucus at Frankfort Friday night. Knott and McCreary successively withdrew, and on the third ballot Carlisle got 72 votes and the coveted prize.

Indictment Against Powderly.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., May 17.—The grand jury has found an indictment against Mr. Powderly at the instance of Edward Callaghan, who alleges that Powderly conspired to defeat his nomination for states senator in 1888.

TALKING FOR KEMMLER.

Roger Sherman Before the Supreme Court.

APPLYING FOR A WRIT OF ERROR.

Prominent Personages Present in the Court Room to Hear the Arguments Advanced Against Execution by Electricity—Decision in a Peculiar Pension Case Rendered by Assistant Secretary Bussey—Carlisle Congratulated.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 20.—The application for a writ of error in the case of Kemmler, under sentence of death by electricity, was heard in the supreme court of the United States Tuesday. Roger M. Sherman, counsel for Kemmler, who made the application, appeared for the condemned murderer. He based his argument on the fourteenth amendment to the federal constitution, which provides that: "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law," and on the eighth amendment which provides that "cruel and unusual punishments shall not be inflicted." Every seat in the court room was filled, but there was no crowding such as prevailed Monday when the case was to have been heard. Ex-Attorney General Garland, ex Secretary Bayard, several senators and representatives, and Attorney General Tabor, of the state of New York, were within the bar of the court.

A Cruel and Unusual Penalty.

Mr. Sherman explained the circumstances in which the writ of error was brought. "We assume," he said, "with entire confidence, that the determination of questions which the decisions of this court have left open, will not be reached in this case upon the present motion, but upon the return of the writ and in due course of law." Mr. Sherman contended that the infliction of death by electricity was cruel and unusual, and, therefore, without due process of law. He held that the question what, in the state of New York is a cruel and unusual punishment for the crime of murder, is one of federal cognizance under the fourteenth amendment, although it involves the construction of the state constitution, and the supreme court is at liberty to differ from the court of appeals upon it.

The Power of the Warden.

Mr. Sherman also held that the warden of the penitentiary at Auburn was given too great discretion by the law. It conferred upon him a power which had heretofore been solely confided to the court. He contended that the effect of the fourteenth amendment was to fix the law as it was in 1866, and to prohibit any change by the states which was then unusual, because cruel, or which was not of the nature of mere remedial and administrative process. The provisions of the New York statute for solitary confinement, for concealment of the day of death from the prisoner, leaving its determination to the warden, he claimed were not to be sustained by the common law, but were in violation of the fourteenth amendment.

Death by Electricity.

In discussing the question as to the comparative humanity of the electric current and the rope, Mr. Sherman held that the electrical law gave the warden no discretion in the matter of the application of the electric current. He was obliged to continue the current until the criminal was dead. The warden might use the current for a week if necessary, until it killed. It had been shown that not electricity, but a series of nervous shocks, was to cause death. Mr. Sherman gave a number of instances of the infliction of death by electricity to show that a man would not be instantly killed by the application provided for under the New York law. He believed that if a current of electricity were continuously applied to Kemmler it would be diffused over his surface. The result would undoubtedly be that, to an extent, the criminal would become part of the circuit, and that his skull and skin would lend a resistance to the current.

The supreme court reserved its decision, and adjourned until Friday.

HE WAS A GOOD SOLDIER.

Decision in a Pension Case Rendered by Assistant Secretary Bussey.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 20.—Assistant Secretary Bussey has rendered a decision in a rather peculiar pension case. Henry C. Bird, late of the Ninetieth Pennsylvania volunteers, was drafted into service for a term of nine months. Learning of the illness of a member of his family, Bird deserted and went home, where he was subsequently arrested and brought back to his regiment. He was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to "complete his term of service." During the Wilderness campaign Bird contracted a pensionable disability.

Mr. Bussey's Ruling.

His application was rejected, however, on the ground that at the time the disability was contracted he was undergoing a sentence imposed by a court-martial and was, therefore, not in line of duty. From this decision an appeal was taken. The assistant secretary finds that Bird was a good soldier, served out his term of enlistment, was regularly paid for his services and was honorably discharged. He concludes that he was unquestionably in line of duty when the disability was incurred, and, therefore, is entitled to a pension.

Congratulations for Carlisle.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 20.—Mr. Carlisle made his appearance in the house Monday and received congratulations from both sides on his election to the senate. Prior to the death of Senator Beck it was arranged that Mr. Carlisle should open the debate on the tariff bill for the Democratic side, following Mr. McKinley. When he left here with the remains of Senator Beck Mr. Carlisle expected upon his return to Washington to close the debate, but his election to the senate has induced him to change his plans and it is not his purpose now to speak in the house on the bill. He will continue his duty in the house until the bill is disposed of. He will then assume his new duties in the senate and will doubtless deliver to the senate the speech intended for the house.

The Naval Appropriation Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 20.—The senate committee on appropriations has reported the naval appropriation bill. The bill as it passed the house appropriates $22,160,534. The senate committee makes changes involving an aggregate increase of $489,650, making the total of the bill $22,650,184.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Albert Carter, an insane student of the Wesleyan ministry, has written several ardent love letters to Queen Victoria, seriously proposing marriage.

By reason of Commander McCalla's suspension from rank and duty for three years, he can not in that time wear his sword, leave the country without permission, wear his uniform, nor visit the navy department.

Rich discoveries of antimony have been made in the state of Chihuahua, Mex.

Mrs. Catherine Mikulecky, aged 78 years, and who had been a resident of Racine county, Wis., for thirty-three years, committed suicide Sunday.

King Milan is in Belgrade, where he met a very cool reception.

The Berlin police are permitting the return home of persons exiled under the Socialist laws.

Joseph Butcher and Frank Perkins, brothers-in-law, quarreled over a mortgage on some property near Mount Vernon, Ohio, Saturday night. Perkins struck Butcher with a club, crushing his skull and causing death.

The Social Democratic Federation of London has decided to run a candidate for nearly every parliamentary district in the great metropolis.

H. H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, will present the city of Galena with a splendid bronze statue of Gen. Grant.

Three trainmen were killed by a boiler explosion on the Louisville and Nashville road at Nashville, Tenn.

A great mass meeting of citizens at New Orleans Saturday night decided that the Louisiana lottery steal must terminate with the present charter.

Sergeant-at-Arms Canady of the United States senate has resigned to engage in private business. He will go out July 1 next.

Another use has been found for the phonograph. The New England Indian tribes are fast dying out, but the phonograph is to preserve their languages.

New York newspaper men who reported the Johnstown disaster will have a dinner on the first anniversary of that awful flood.

The people of Belleville, Ills., celebrated Saturday the 100th year of the organization of St. Clair county, of which it is the county seat.

A farmer living near Eldorado, Kan., became violently insane on the subject of religion Sunday and tried to murder his family. A traveling Adventist band made him believe in the approaching end of the world.

Snow is reported to be still fourteen feet deep at the head of the Stillwater in Montana.

Vice President Morton was 66 last Friday.

A new megaphone has been placed on the market in England, by which the human voice can be so magnified that it may be heard at a distance of several miles.

A Philadelphia father has recently paid $3,500 for a doll's house for his little girl.

A recent patent applies to a machine for dusting poisonous powders on growing plants, such as cotton or potatoes, to rid them of insects.

Richard E. Brewer, who died at Birmingham, Ohio, the other day at the age of 108 years, is said to have danced to excess at his last birthday party.

World's Fair News.

CHICAGO, May 19.—The vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Stuyvesant Fish as a world's fair director has been filled by the election of William Borner, general western freight agent of the Pennsylvania road. In his letter of resignation Mr. Fish says that questions might arise in connection with the lake front as a site for the fair that would require action on his part as president of the Illinois Central road; therefore he thought best to resign. The general impression now is that neither the director general of the fair nor the secretary will be a Chicago man. It is thought best to not give out the idea that Chicago seeks to monopolize the management of the exposition.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, May 19.

Following are the quotations on the board of trade to-day: Wheat—No. 2 May opened 94¼c, closed 94c; June, opened and closed 89¾c; July, opened and closed 84¼c. Corn—No. 2 May, opened and closed 38¾c; June, opened 39¼c, closed 38¾c; July, opened 34¾c, closed 34c. Oats—No. 2 May, opened and closed 27½c; June, opened 26¾c, closed 26c; July, opened 25c, closed 25¾c. Pork—June, opened and closed $12.10; July, opened $12.25, closed $12.27½. Lard—June, opened $6.22½, closed $6.25.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices were quoted as follows: Hogs—Market opened active, with prices 5c lower; light grades $3.95@4.20; rough packing, $4.05@4.20; mixed lots, $4.05@4.20; heavy packing and shipping lots, $4.05@4.20.

Cattle—Steadier; beeves, $3.90@4.15; cows and mixed, $1.75@3.50; stockers and feeders, $2.80@4.10. Sheep—Strong; native muttons, $4.40@5.75; westerns, $5.00@5.25; shorn sheep, $4.80@5.70.

Produce: Butter—Finest creamery, 15½@16c per lb; finest dairy, 13@14c; packing stock, 5@6. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 11c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, 9½@10c per lb; spring chickens, $2.00@2.50 per doz; turkeys, 9@14c per lb; ducks, 11@12c; geese $4.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes on track—Common and mixed, 30@35c per bu; Peerless, 40@42c per bu; Beauty of Hebron, 45@47c per bu; Burbanks, 55@56 per bu. Illinois sweet potatoes, good to choice, $3.50@4.75 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $3.00@4.00 per bbl.

New York.

NEW YORK, May 19.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 1.00¾c cash; do une, 98¼c; do July, 91¾c. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash, 41¼c; do June, 41¾c; do July, 41¾c. Oats—Quiet, but steady; No. 2 mixed cash, 33c; do May, 33¾c; do June, 33¼c; do July, 32¼c. Rye—Dull and nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, 14.00@14.25. Lard—Quiet; June, $6.80; July, $6.80.

Live Stock: Cattle—Market ruled active at a small advance from Friday's prices; poorest to best steers, $4.25@5.10 per 100 lbs; bulls and dry cows, $2.40@3.75. Sheep and lambs—Market firm and ¼c per lb higher; sheep, $3.62½@6 per 100 lbs; lambs, $6.50@8.50. Hogs—Market steady; live hogs, $4.80@4.70 per 100 lbs.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, May 19.

Wheat—Quiet; cash and May, 94¼c; June, 90¾c; July, 85¼c; August, 81¼c. Corn—Steady; cash, and May, 35½c; July, 36c. Oats—Quiet; cash and May, 30c. Clover seed—Easy; cash, $3.50 October, $4.00 bid.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, May 19.

Wheat—Cash, 94c; options unsettled; July, 90¼@90¾c; August, 86@86¼c. Corn—Lower; cash, 34½c; June, 35¼c; July, 33¾c. Oats—Lower; cash, 25½c; May, 26¼c; July, 25¼c. Pork—Quiet; retailing at $12.50. Lard—Nominal. Whisky—Steady; $1.12.

Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., May 19.

Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 93½c; No. 2 red cash, and May, 94¼c; July, 89½c; August, 91¾c. Corn—No. 2 cash and May, 35½c bid; June, 35c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 28c; No. 3 white cash, 0c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, MAY 24, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — The Bostonians.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—London Gaiety Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Olivette."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Dead Heart."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union "Over the Garden Wall."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"U.C.L.A.," Chicago—Next week.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

ALL IN VAIN WITHOUT UNION.

Mr. Parnell delivered a speech in London the other day in which he denounced the apathy of the Irish settled in England in regard to his parliamentary movement. The charge of apathy against his fellow countrymen seems rather strange coming as it does from the lips of a gentleman who has been apathy itself since Gladstone's Home Rule bill was beaten in 1886. Previous to that period Ireland in the Saxon parliament never had a more energetic leader than Mr. Parnell. Up to that time he handled his followers independently of all British factions, and, as a consequence, was dreaded by all. Both Whigs and Tories courted his alliance, and, night after night, the halls of the commons rang with the wild, and most effective, tactics of obstruction. Of course, the English were inconvenienced, and denounced such conduct as being "vulgar and unparliamentary." But what need the Irish care for that? The more "vulgar" and obstructive they become in the Saxon parliament, the more of a bear garden they make it, so long a they insist on appearing there at all—the better it will be for Ireland. The "genteel," or literary, Irish member may not get so many invitations to dine out; he may not be as welcome in the drawing rooms of the Whig-Liberals; he may not be flattered by the Marchioness of this or Lady that, but the cause of his country will be greatly advanced. Experience must have convinced the Irish members by this time that their English friends, with few exceptions, easily tire of being persecuted for Ireland's sake. About the only Englishman who has stood a fairly good roasting in jail for Ireland is Mr. Conybeare, and even he has grown silent, if not submissive, of late.

Mr. Parnell wants more money "to organize the Irish voters in England in preparation for the general election which may occur at any time." Now, it seems to THE CITIZEN, that if the Irish in England are in earnest about helping their native land, not much money ought to be required for the purpose stated. It is quite possible that the Tory government may be defeated on some purely English issue in the house of commons; but that would not affect the Irish question a particle. THE CITIZEN feels confident that a general election in England to-morrow on the question of Home Rule for Ireland would result in another disastrous defeat of Gladstone. That man is doomed not to win. It is retribution. He began to be generous ten years too late, and Fate never forgives any statesman who throws away an opportunity.

The Marquis of Hartington gave Gladstone fair warning, in a recent speech that neither he nor his friends would sever their connection with the Tories until the ex-premier eliminated from the Liberal programme the plan of giving legislative independence, in any shape whatever, to Ireland. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has made himself heard to the same effect, and, between these two, both men of unquestioned ability, it is difficult to see where Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell rest their hopes of victory. Of course, the world knows why Lord Hartington is Ireland's enemy. He loved his brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and he does not forget that the green sward of Phœnix Park, in an unlucky hour, drank his life-blood. In this the Marquis is narrow, and yet it seems only natural that he should be prejudiced. Still, Ireland, with generous unanimity, repudiated the assassination of Lord Frederick, and the latter's widow has accepted Ireland's declaration in good faith. But, while the Marquis of Hartington lives the cause of Ireland will find in him a relentless enemy. Chamberlain opposes Home Rule, ostensibly, because of danger to "the integrity of the empire," but really because he views the matter from the standpoint of English commercial selfishness. He wants no rival of English trade on the west side of St. George's channel. He is far less excusable than Hartington, but that makes little or no difference in the effect of his conduct as regards Home Rule. While ever Hartington and Chamberlain hold political power in England, there will always be sufficient renegade "Liberal" votes to make the Tories safe in opposing self government for Ireland.

There is another country in which apathy is beginning to prevail as regards the Irish question. It is America. We are eaten up here by the cancer of faction. The different sections of the supposed friends of Ireland seem, at the present time, more desirous of persecuting one another than of fighting the common foe. It would seem to be useless to ask them to do such a commonsense thing as sink their mutual prejudices and unite for the triumph of the cause. Each would seem to be afraid that the other might get too much credit, or that, with union, he might lose his personal following, and with it his "political capital." THE CITIZEN is fully aware that there are thousands of honest men in the differing organizations, who have no axe whatever to grind, and who love Ireland for Ireland's sake, and not for their own advancement, but they are not, generally speaking, the men who come to the front. Very often when we get honest and patrtotic men at the head of Irish organizations, we are not satisfied. We must pick them to pieces, misinterpret every word and act, and, finally, morally crucify them. This certainly is not as it should be. The surest way to secure personal unpopularity in America is to become the head of an Irish organization. A man may reach that eminence with the reputation of a saint, and feel devoutly thankful if he does not descend from it with a stained, if not permanently blighted, character. Truly are we an amiable and God-fearing people! The wonder is not that we have been defeated, but that we are not obliterated. And all is due to the devil of faction. THE CITIZEN does not claim to be exempt from its share of the Celtic weakness, but, at least, it would make any sacrifice to make Irishmen hate each other less and the traditional enemy more.

God of Mercy! God of Peace!
Make our mad confusion cease!
Monstrous and unhappy sight
Brothers' blood will not unite!

And yet, how strange and contradictory we are! All of us, Irish, except those who are hopelessly renegade to the national principle, desire the liberty of the motherland, and would make any reasonable material sacrifice to achieve it. But we will not make a mental sacrifice. We will not forget, forgive and shake hands over the unhappy past. We prefer, as of old, our spites to our country.

In vain the hero's heart hath bled—
The sage's tongue hath warned in vain.

We find ourselves again where MacMurrough stood with O'Ruarc; where Shane O'Neill stood with The O'Donnell; where Ormond and Clanrickarde stood with Owen Roe; where Sarsfield stood with St. Ruth; where Flood stood with Grattan; where O'Brien stood with O'Connell; where O'Mahony stood with Roberts; where—but why continue the dreary list? Not all the votes, or all the money, or all the arsenals of the earth, can free Ireland, until the curse of centuries is lifted from the Irish race; until, as our tyrants "join in hate," we shall "join in love."

GERMANY AND ENGLAND QUARRELING ABOUT AFRICA.

The scramble between Germany and England in Central Africa is waxing hotter and hotter every day. In spite of the fact that the English daily press ignored the matter entirely, there is little doubt that the relations between Germany and England are very much strained and are becoming more so every day. The English premier may protest that England and Germany are on the most friendly terms, but it is well known that such is not the case. If there were any doubts at all about the growing ill feeling between the two countries about land grabbing in Africa, an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May fully proves it. *Blackwood's Magazine* is the government organ among the monthlies. It is Tory in its leanings; it is the staunchest supporter of the present English Tory régime, and every political article it contains may be confidently set down as originating from, and being inspired by the British cabinet.

The article in *Blackwood's Magazine* about the disputes between Germany and England in Central Africa is not only one of the most elaborate but one of the most bitter that ever appeared in that or in any other British magazine. It was evidently written because the bitterness of the dispute between the two African land grabbers could not be kept any longer a secret from the British public. It was put into a magazine instead of a daily paper in order that it might not create too sudden a sensation, and that the public might have time to think over the matter and know all about it. The article is accompanied by probably the best and most elaborate map of Central Africa ever published, showing the possessions of the different European powers in the "Dark Continent."

The writer of the article referred to makes a very strong case indeed against the Germans. He accuses them of dissimulation, treachery, lying, robbery, and murder, and says it is quite time for the British goverment to protest against Germany's action in Central Africa. According to English accounts, the Germans have behaved very badly; but are those accounts true? We have not had the German version of the disputes yet; and until we do, it will be very hard to say who is the aggressor.

But it must be confessed that by a careful perusal of the long and bitter article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, the only thing that the Germans seem to have done is to show a desire to acquire more territory. This is just what England does not want, but what Germany does. It appears that some three or four years ago, Germany and England came to a sort of understanding, about the localities of the "spheres of action" of both powers; and two strips of territory running from the sea coast to Lake Nyanza, were apportioned as "spheres of action" for both powers. According to the map in *Blackwood's*, the territory assigned to Germany is twice as large as the one assigned to England; but Germany wants to obtain some more territory west of Lake Nyanza and between it and the Congo free State, which is still unclaimed by any civilized power. This is what England is mad at, and what she wants to prevent.

It may not be quite right, but it is quite natural that Germany should want more of Africa. Of course she has no right to take it, but she has as much right as England or any other power has. It is a pity that Africa cannot be civilized without being conquered; it seems destined, therefore, to become divided among the five powers that have now got foothold in it, namely, England, France, Germany, Portugal and Italy. The last named power has as as yet only a small speck of African territory on the shores of the Red Sea in her possession; but she will probably soon try to get hold of more of it; and it is not improbable that a most dreadful war will soon arise between some of the above named nations for the possession of some insignificant area of the "DARK Continent."

Germany and England are, however, the powers between whom trouble is most likely to come. France has already all the African territory she wants. She expects, no doubt, to have Morocco in the near future, but expects to get it as a gift and not by conquest. That country is so wretchedly governed at present, and Algeria on its border is so well governed by the French, that there is a large element among the subjects of the emperor of Morocco that are most anxious to come under French domination. How this will turn out no one knows at present; but it is a certainty that a conflict between Germany and England about Africa is imminent unless both nations soon come to an amicable understanding.

THE M'KINLEY BILL.

The McKinley Tariff bill passed the house of representatives on Wednesday by what may be termed a strictly party vote. The ayes were 164 and the noes 142. Coleman, of Louisiana, who objected to the reduction of the sugar schedule, was the only Republican who voted against the measure. Taylor, of the First District of Illinois—Col. Abner—voted for the bill under protest, and "hoped it would be improved at the other end of the capitol." He considered that the tariff was keyed too high. Mason, of the Second District of this State—our own sweet William—stood by the bill and, addressing Congressman Allen who had indulged in verse, shot off the following, amid general laughter:

John Bull bossed your White House,
Your whole party runs the bar;
Lord Sackville West his letter wrote,
And, d— it, there you are!

The bill, as passed, does not differ materially from the original as reported by the committee. The changes are not by any means significant. It is believed that some modification will be made by the senate.

FOR THE SOUTH PARK COMMISSIONERS.

Residents on the west side of that splendid urban thoroughfare, Grand Boulevard, complain of the alleged equestrian way, or bridle path, which runs right by their sidewalks. In dry weather this unpaved lane is provocative of overwhelming dust, and, during rainy periods, it is a perfect slough. It is a nuisance and ought to be promptly suppressed. Any well-regulated horse can travel just as well, and as safely, on a properly paved road, as on a bottomless pit of the kind complained of. The attention of the South Park Commissioners is respectfully, but firmly, directed to the matter. The very finest avenue in the city should not be unnecessarily disfigured. Let the water be separated from the land. Let the west side of Grand Boulevard cease to resemble the muddy bottom of the York and Erie canal.

A LECTURE will be delivered by the Hon. Zachary Montgomery, of Washington, D.C., on June 2, at 8 p.m., at Central Music Hall, under the auspices of the Union Catholic Library Association. Mr. Montgomery, who was assistant attorney general under President Cleveland's administration, has made a study of the compulsory education question, and may be trusted to treat the matter in a profound and entertaining manner. See advertisement elsewhere.

"UNCLE JOE'S" OPINION.

The verdict of the Hon. Joseph Medill in regard to Mr. Finerty's book will be found subjoined:

Our campaigns against the Indians are things of the past. They are now the subject of the historian. There are occasional raids in Arizona and along the Mexican frontier by the savages who have their home across the line. But the North American red man is at peace. He has turned his scalping-knife into a pruning-hook. He prefers to be the ward of the Nation rather than the Nation's warrior enemy. The course of Empire westward has overtaken and suppressed him. He held out long, fought bitterly and bravely, and only succumbed at last to superior numbers and to superior skill.

The story of "his last ditch" fight is told graphically and with historic accuracy in the handsome volume presented to the public and dedicated "to the American Army and American Nation" by Mr. John F. Finerty, ex member Congress from the Second District of Illinois. Mr. Finerty writes from the book. He was not only an observer of but a participant in the two last campaigns against the Sioux Indians, the last of the warrior tribes to surrender—the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition in 1876, and the campaign in Montana and along the British lines in 1879. He was at the defeat and the surrender of the Sioux braves. He visited Sitting Bull's camp when that Chief showed the white flag. He saw the smoke of battle from the point where Custer made his last rally, and he has written an eloquent chapter on the heroic Lieut. Sibley's perilous reconnoissance of the Sioux position in the valley of the Little Big Horn (in which Mr. Finerty was a participant) in July, 1876.

Mr. Finerty was sent out to the Indian country "to write it up" in connection with the military events of the time. But he was not content to be a mere observer. He had learned "the soldier's glorious trade" under other circumstances, and his training was turned to good account. Whether with scouting, or attacking, or defending party, he did soldier's duty. He participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is an entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description. The harrowing tales of the American soldier's suffering on the wild and weird mountain peaks are relieved by many a racy anecdote of camp and bivouac and happy reminiscences of gallant comrades who "fell fighting."

While the bravery of the American soldier is not forgotten. Mr Finerty is careful to give full credit to the red man for his daring and prowess and for his gallant resistance to what he deemed to be an unwarrantable invasion of his domain. He does not indulge, it is true, in essays on the philosophy of history. He lets events speak for themselves. Each reader can form his own judgment.

Of the living soldiers who participated in those campaigns, the hardships, privations, and perils of which have been but little understood and hardly ever appreciated, Mr. Finerty speaks in terms of enthusiastic eulogy. His tributes to Custer, Crook, Keogh, and the other brave men who have gone before are as eloquent as they are deserved. Nor has he forgotten the humble private who during those campaigns put up with sufferings and annoyances and a system of rigorous discipline which would have driven any other army into mutiny.

Taken as a whole Mr. Finerty's book is a valuable contribution to the history of the Republic. Future historians of the United States will draw plentifully from its pages. The reader of the present day will find it entertaining. The style is simple, homespun, and vigorous. The interest is kept up from the first chapter to the appendix. The after-dinner story-taller will find it an encyclopedia of army reminiscences, which, properly related, will certainly attract attention to the narrator.

For the rest the book is well printed in clear, large type, the illustrations are good, and the binding handsome. It ought to command a large sale.—*Chicago Tribune May 17*

THE WILD GEESE.

A Lament for the Irish Jacobites.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I have heard the curlew crying
By a lonely moor and mere:
And the sea-gull's shriek at the gloaming
Is a lonely sound in the air.
And I've heard the brown thrush mourning
For her children stolen away,
But its O for the homeless Wild Geese
Who cried ere the dawn of day!

For the curlew out on the moorland
Hath five fine eggs in the nest;
And the thrush will get her a new love
And sing her song with the best.
As the swallow flies to the summer
Will the gull return to the sea;
And the spring will follow the winter,
The rose will open to the bee.

But never again my Wild Geese
Will fly to the empty nest,
And its ill to be roaming, roaming
With the homesick heart in the breast.
O, long in the land of the stranger
They'll pine for the land far away!
But, day of Aughrim, my sorrow
'Twas you was the bitter day!

—*Boston Pilot.*

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

PAWNBROKERS IN IRELAND.

According to the latest report, there are 493 pawnbrokers in Ireland. It is satisfactory to note that in every year since 1870 (when 628 licenses were issued) there has been a steady diminution in their numbers.

A SCHOONER MISSING.

A Queenstown correspondent states that the schooner Lapwing, of Arklow, which left Queenstown on Monday, May 4 for Glenbeigh with 100 tons of ammunition and other government stores, was parted from the steam tug Mayflower by the snapping of the cable during a strong gale that day, and has not been heard of since.

ANOTHER STRIKE.

About fifty laborers employed by the Rathmines commissioners to carry out repairs at the Glenismole reservoir have struck work because their wages were not increased to 18s per week. They had been receiving 15s.

ASSAULTED A POLICEMAN.

At Newbridge petty sessions, before Col. Forbes and Mr. Mercer, R.M., John Everett, building contractor, Newbridge, was charged with having assaulted a policeman named Gillespie, and tearing his tunic, at the railway station on the occasion of the removal of prisoners. From the evidence it appeared that the police dragged the defendant from the station and that he resisted, saying he had a perfect right to remain there. The magistrates sentenced Everett to two month's imprisonment for the assault.

WOULD RATHER GO TO JAIL

At the Collom, county Louth, petty sessions Thomas Halligan, son of an evicted tenant on the Massereene estate, was summoned to show cause why he should not give bail to keep the peace for alleged threatening language to a new "plant" on the Massereene property. Defendant was bound to keep the peace, himself in £20 and two sureties in £10 each, or two months' imprisonment. He stated he would go to jail.

TEMPERANCE.

In the town of Carlow several hundred children have taken the Total Abstinence Pledge, and six hundred men have also been enrolled. The good work is rapidly spreading throughout the diocese. In Athy the most prominent feature in connection with the establishment of the association was the enrolment of all the members of the Gaelic Club to the number of sixty. The people of the parish attended in large numbers and took the pledge.

ACCIDENTS IN WEXFORD.

Philip Swan, of William street, got his arm broken at the Liverpool Steam Wharf by being struck with the handle of a winch.

Thomas Murphy, fish hawker, the Faythe, fell from a cart in Main street, and had his nose broken.

LADY BUTLER'S PICTURE.

Lady Butler has put down £3,000 as the price of her great picture representing an Irish eviction scene. It is at present displayed in the Royal Academy.

DEATH OF THE LEPER.

On May 10 John Murphy, an old soldier, who was afflicted with leprosy, and whose presence in Dublin caused a good deal of alarm about a year ago, died in the Hardwick Hospital, North Brunswick street. The poor man was, it may be stated, born in Dublin on June 24, 1832. He was in religion a Catholic, and received his early training in the Hibernian Military School, Phœnix Park. In 1845 he joined the 73d Highlanders, and served with his regiment in South America, South Africa, India, and China. In 1873 he left the army, and in 1875 he was admitted as a pensioner to the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, where he remained till 1887. On the day the O'Connell monument was unveiled, Aug. 15, 1882, he first noticed what subsequently turned out to be leprosy. He had walked a good deal during the day, and when he found in the evening two blisters on one foot he thought it a consequence of his exertions. He was speedily undeceived, though the disease did not develop very rapidly, and though it was not till August, 1888, that the true nature of the malady was ascertained.

A STRIKE.

The men employed at the Portland Cement Works, Drinagh, Wexford, to the number of about 100, asked for an increase of 20 per cent in their wages, and when the demand was refused they turned out without further notice. The average pay of the men was 10s, and the increase they asked would only bring their earnings back to what they were two years ago.

MISS RAFFALOVICH.

Miss Raffalovich is going to England to be received into the Catholic church previous to her marriage to Willian O'Brien. She will receive the customary preliminary religious instruction in that country. The wedding will probably take place in the first—certainly not later than the second—week of June. Miss Raffalovich has £4,000 a year.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Great Southern Railway strike is ended.

Kilkenny hotel proprietors charged 10s a night for beds during the recent race meeting.

The death is announced of Mr. Augustus H. Wilson, who so ably represented, for the last twenty five years, the firms of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son and Eason & Son, Dublin.

In the item of currants Ireland imported 5,000 tons last year.

Owing to the strike the weekly traffic return of the Great Southern & Western Railway Company for the week ending May 4 shows a decrease of £8,088, as compared with the corresponding week of 1889.

Kilkenny has been selected as the meeting place of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland. No locality in Ireland possesses greater interest for the archæologist than the neighborhood of the Marble City.

A Mullingar correspondent states that on May 6 that town experienced one of heaviest hailstorms seen there for many years.

Michael Davitt's action against the *Spectator* for libel, in saying he had been sentenced to imprisonment for a share in a political murder, was settled recently, the *Spectator* paying £250 and costs, and withdrawing the imputation.

The directors of the Grand Canal Company have disposed of their boats and horses to Mr Hannin, of Banagher, who has contracted for the hauling, and they expect to be soon in a position to announce the resumption of their boat service to Ballinasloe.

MUNSTER.

CHARGE OF MURDER.

The Waterford police have arrested a young man named Thomas Hennessey on a charge of having murdered Thomas Maher, whose body was found on 3rd March at Killeen, with the skull smashed in.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

The exodus of the Irish people via Queenstown to the United States of America, which attained last year and the two previous years such vast proportions, has considerably fallen off this year. Since the commencement of the emigration season the numbers leaving each week are far below those of the corresponding weeks of the three previous years. During the week ended 1,629 persons left this port. The number for the corresponding week of 1889 was 2,505.

EVICTION BY LORD INCHIQUIN.

The eviction took place May 5th of a young family named O'Neill, at Ballyseen, near Newmarket-on-Fergus, on the estate of Lord Inchiquin, by the Sub-Sheriff of Clare and three Emergency men, protected by a force of twenty-five police, under District-Inspector Rainsford, Sixmilebridge. The house was barricaded and the Emergencymen were obliged to break in the door. This is the second time the sheriff visited the holding. The eviction was abandoned on the last occasion owing to the illness of the mother of the family, since deceased. The eldest son is in jail undergoing a Coercion sentence.

ROBBING A BANK IN KILRUSH.

A daring robbery took place in Mr. Peacock's Discount Bank, Francis-st, Kilrush. The burglars entered from the rear of the street across the river. The only money not in the safes was £11 in a drawer, which the burglars took away. Towards noon the police made two arrests, but the parties were soon after discharged.

EVICTION IN TIPPERARY.

Thirteen families were evicted on the O'Brien estate in Mullinahone on May 6th. There was no resistance offered.

HEAVY RAIN FALL

A very severe thunderstorm accompanied by heavy showers of rain and hailstones passed over Ennis lately lasting from 12 30 till 2 30 p. m. The rainfall was so heavy that the low lying parts of this town were flooded for a considerable part of the day.

CEASED TO PAY RENT.

In a large portion of the south of Ireland there consists practically a strike against the payment of labourers' cottages, and the majority of the labourers who have gone into possession of them have ceased to pay rent for a long period.

ARREST IN FERMOY.

On May 9th three young men named Austin Rice, Thomas Kent, and William Kent, were arrested by District Inspector Ball under the Coercion Act and remanded, on a charge of having on the 28th April, used intimidation towards Mary Murphy, in the employment of Robert Brown, steward to Orr M'Causland, and prevented her from selling pigs at Fermoy fair.

ANOTHER SIX MONTHS FOR MISS CULLINAN.

On May 5 Miss Mary Cullinan, of Ballydine, was charged before Col. Evanston, R.M., by D. I. Jones with persistently following two men who occupy her evicted farm, and preventing them from doing their business. He prayed that she might be bound to the peace for her good behavior. She was formerly imprisoned for boycotting the same men. Miss Cullinan now declined to give bail of £10, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

MOONLIGHT OUTRAGE.

A party of disguised moonlighters visited the house of a herd named Patrick Cremin, in the employment of Mr. Aherne, near Charleville May 3rd. They first tried to induce Cremin to come out, and when no response was given they forced in the door. The wife, who lay in bed, had her face covered by some of the gang so as not to witness the treatment the husband was being subjected to. Cremin got cut over the left temple; his face and eyes present a black and slightly battered appearance. The gang smashed to pieces all the household furniture, utensils, and bric-a-brac.

THE GLENSHARROLD ESTATE.

Extensive preparations are being made for the eviction of twenty to thirty families in the Glensharrold estate, in West Limerick. Police and military, under the command of Colonel Turner, Divisional Commissioner, have, it is said, been requisitioned to support the Sheriff.

SEIZED FOR RENT.

Bailiff Dwane on Friday made seizures for rent on the farms of Michl O'Keeffe, David Malumpy, and Edward O'Keeffe, tenants of Mr. T. St. John Grant, Kilmurry. The animals were conveyed to Lismore pound.

BRUTAL OUTRAGE NEAR TEMPLEMORE.

A most awful and revoting outrage was perpetrated on a man named Madden, a farmer, near Templemore, on Wednesday evening. He was returning from the fair of Rathdowney, and was set upon by three men, who horribly multilated him. He was found subsequently on the roadside

by persons who carried him to Templemore. He is now under the charge of Dr. Mitchell. His life is dispaired of. The injured man is 34 years of age.

WANT HIGHER WAGES

Fourteen labourers employed in the sanitary department of Cork Corporation sent in a demand for an increase of 3s per week in their wages. They are at present receiving 12s per week.

MEMORIAL CHURCH.

The ceremony of blessing and laying the cornerstone of the works undertaken for the completion of the Father Mathew Memorial Church, Cork, was performed May 6th.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mr. John Harold, an evicted tenant on the Herbert estate, of which Mr. S. M. Hussey is agent died suddenly on May 8 Mr. Harold was evicted from his holding at Land Ville, near Castleisland, and since then his family has had to seek refuge in the workmen's houses of Mr. Maurice Quinlan.

LOCAL RECEIPTS.

A Parliamentary paper issued shows that during 1889 the following ports received coastwise the number of tons of coal marked after each:—Dublin, 960 692; Wexford, 65,910; and Waterford, 197,187.

THE POLICE IN TIPPERARY.

Tipperary correspondent writes that complaints have of late been made to the local authorities of the prevocative character of the behaviour of the police, who are present in the town in great numbers.

EVICTION IN LIMERICK.

Nine evictions for non payment of rent were carried out May 6 h, on the property of Comtesse De Boisiet Lury, near Newcastle West, county Limerick. The subsheriff, Mr. Fred Hobson, was accompanied by bailiffs and a force of police It is stated the tenants offered no resistance, and were reinstated as caretakers.

GOLD MINE IN WEST CORK

The recently discovered gold mine at Dhurode, some six miles northward of Goleen, and on the verge of Dunmanus Bay, promises to be a success. It is only a few months ago since the royalty of the present mine was purchased by the present owners, and since then it has been steadily worked with encouraging success.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

The Lord Lieutenant, arrived at Fermoy May 5th, and proceeded to Kilmurry House to resume his angling pursuits.

SHOCKING STATE OF A GRAVEYARD

At the meeting of the Limerick board of guardians May 6th Mr. Bryan O'Donnell drew attention to the state of a suburban graveyard at Rosabrien. He stated that four coffins were recently above ground, and in one case the remains were exposed. The caretaker stated that four coffins were recently thrown into the graveyard over the wall. The matter was referred to the sanitary board.

SIX FAMILIES TURNED OUT.

May 6th Capt E. Crocker, sub sheriff of Clare, protected by a large force of police under the command of Head Constable Hope, Kildysart, proceeded to Labasheeda for the purpose of carrying out six evictions for non-payment of rent on the estate of Colonel the Hon. Charles White, London.

RECOVERING.

An Ennis correspondent writes that John Fitzgibbon, who was recently wounded by a revolver bullet, is progressing favourably. Two men were arrested on suspicion but have been discharged as Fitzgibbon failed to identify them.

ACCIDENT TO A DISTRICT-INSPECTOR.

As Mr. Hodder, R. M. was driving from Ennis to Corofin to attend Petty Sessions he found on the roadside, at Dromona, R. N. Hill, D. I, who was also *en route* for Corofin, in an insensible state, his horse having reared and fallen on him. Drs. Michael and John Macnamara, the latter of the Indian Medical Service, were promptly summoned, and having rendered some assistance, Mr. Hill was enabled to sit on Mr. Hodder's car and go back to Ennis.

CONNAUGHT.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Fire broke out at Kylemore Castle, county Galway, the seat of Mr. Mitchell Henry, on May 8, by which all the out offices were destroyed. The damage is estimated to exceed £2,000

WILL REPRESENT EAST GALWAY.

Mr. John Roche, of Woodford, will represent East Galway as the successor of the late Matt Harris.

THE CLANRICARDE ESTATES

The long threatened evictions of the householders on the Clanricarde property in Loughrea commenced on May 8. The agent, Mr. Tener, drove over from Portumna, and immediately on his arrival the work of eviction was begun. The first house attacked was that of Peter Sweney, chairman of the town commissioners, who carried on an extensive business. The emergencymen cleared out the whole premises, and acted in the roughest manner in doing so. About ten cottiers were also evicted, but were afterwards allowed in as caretakers. Considerable excitement prevailed during the evictions. A Woodford correspondent writes: "About two hundred horses and cars assembled at Woodford on May 7 loaded with stones for the erection of huts for the tenants evicted on the Clanricarde estate in this parish. A procession was formed at 11 o'clock, headed by John Roche and other members of the Woodford Tenants' Defense Association. All started for Loughcane, where a piece of land had been secured, for which the tenant claims prescriptive right, having been in unquestioned occupation for over thirty years. In less than a fortnight shelter will be provided for sixteen families."

EVICTION NOTICES.

The relieving officer for Kinvara workhouse handed in a sheaf of eviction notices one day recently at the instance of Mrs. Studdert and others. Five of the notices, nominally at the suit of Mr. Francis O'D. Blake Forster, were signed by Mr. Fergus Curtin, Mucknish Castle, county Clare, as receiver, tenants to be evicted being Patrick Halloran, Towna; John Cormican and Michael Reedy, Mountscribe; Patrick O'Donnell, Celia Burke and Thomas Green, Kinvara; Michael Kilkelly (Nance), Crushoe; and Patrick O'Donnell, Kinvara—all in the parish of Kinvaradoorus. One was at the instance of Alice Marion Studdert vs Michael Walsh, Cahercon in the parish of Killinny, signed by Mr. Thomas F. Rutledge, Westport, County Mayo, receiver over the estate. Also one at the suit of Daniel Sullivan vs Michael Sullivan, occupier of house and premises situate in the Market Square, Kinvara, plaintiff's agent being Thomas Keane, of Ballyglass, whose mark to his name on the notice was witnessed by John Walsh, Kinvara.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The highest price for potatoes at Tuam market on Saturday, May 10, was 4½ per stone.

Mr. Frank Joyce, a prominent sportsman of the Galway Blazers, formerly agent to the Marquis of Clanricarde, was killed on May 7 near Loughrea by the upsetting of a car on which he was driving.

A correspondent says thta Mr. David Sheehy, M.P., is trying his hand on a lengthy story which will deal with social and political life in Ireland. He has already written nine or ten chapters of the story.

The Archbishop of Tuam lately held a parochial visitation, and administered the sacrament of confirmation in the parish of Spiddal. His Grace complimented the parish priest, Father Hosty, on the state of the parish. The Bishop of Galway was present. The Very Rev. Canon O'Dwyer, V.F., preached.

ULSTER.

SAD BURNING ACCIDENT.

A melancholy burning accident took place in Rathfrieland-street Banbridge, May 5th, the victim being an old woman named Mary Jane Mulligan. The belief is that while alone in the kitchen her dress accidently came in contact with the fire. She was seen rushing out to the street with her clothes on fire. She cried for assistance, which was promptly forthcoming, but proved, to be unavailing, as the old woman died a few minutes after the occurrence.

RESCUE FROM DROWNING. BRAVE ACT OF A RESIDENT MAGISTRATE.

A report from Mountcharles gives an account of an extraordinary occurrence which took place at the pier at that village. A resident of the place, a man of the highest respectability, during a fit of intemperance, it is said, leaped from the pier into the sea, and was in imminent danger of drowning, when Mr. Thomas Hamilton, R. M, who was walking with his wife near the place at the time, divested himself of his coat and plunged in after the man. A fierce struggle took place in the water. Mr. Hamilton encountered the greatest possible resistance from the person he was trying to save. A boat put in after a short time, however, and the would-be suicide was safely landed. The scene was one of the most exciting possible, and created considerable stir in the locality.

FIRE AT COALISLAND POTTERY WORKS.

A fire had broke out in the premises of the Ulster Fire Clay Works Company situate at Coalisland, of which Messrs. M'Nally and Corr are the proprietors.

ASHBOURNE'S FATHERLY INDULGENCE.

It is quite touching to observe the fatherly indulgence which the Irish Lord Chancellor Ashbourne displays for Coercionist Justices of the Peace. Mr. Hugh Graham, J. P., of Dromore Co. Tyrone, has a little weakness for getting beastly drunk in public and for insulting unprotected ladies in railway carriages. After three months' anxious deliberation the Lord Chancellor was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that this amiable weakness was not calculated to increase the dignity of the bench when Mr. Hugh Graham presided. But to deprive him altogether of the much-coveted and awe-inspiring letters, J. P., was a cruelty from which the sensitive soul of Ashbourne shrank aghast, so he decreed that he should continue a magistrate, but cease to adjudicate.

ECHOES OF BALAKLAVA.

[*Boston Pilot, May 17.*]

Lieutenant Wightman, formerly of her Majesty's Eleventh Hussars, and at present secretary of the Committee of Survivors of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, has issued a pitiful appeal for help for his old comrades. The charge, immortalized in song and story, was a splendid piece of martial folly. Out of the 673 who went into it, because some one had blundered, only 195 came out uninjured. The exploit fully merited the Frenchman's cynical criticism: "It is grand, it is magnificent—but it is not war."

Nevertheless, it stirred the pride of England in her soldiers' machine like obedience to orders, and inspired one of the Laureate's noblest lyrics. "When can their glory fade?" he asked. "Oh, the wild charge they made!" he exclaimed:

"Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble Six Hundred!"

"Men, you have done a glorious deed," said Lord Cardigan to the survivors the next morning. "England will be proud of you, and grateful to you. If you live to get home, be sure you will all be provided for."

England was proud of them. She probably was grateful to them. She has provided for them—or some of them. Lieut. Wightman gives the names of a score, of whom no fewer than four are fortunate enough to be inmates of public workhouses, and two, still more lucky, are in the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. These latter forfeit their pensions, as Great Britain never gives double bounties, that is, not to its common people.

The pensions, by the way, run from sixpence (twelve cents) a day for privates, away up to one shilling and threepence (thirty cents) a day for sergeants. But not all of the Balaklava survivors are so favored by a grateful country as to receive pensions. Lieut. Wightman mentions some extreme cases, for example:

"Private Richardson—Served twelve years, no pension; has Crimean medal with four bars, and the Turkish medal; suffers from stricture, has lost sight of one eye, the other going past help. Drifts from workhouse to common lodging house when he gets a little help from concerts, etc., then back to workhouse. The only Manchester man now surviving of the Six Hundred.

'Private Doyle—Almost starving in Dublin; was Duke of Cambridge's orderly at Inkerman; got £4 from H. R. H. after earnest solicitation, and four months' waiting last year. The £4 came from the Cambridge fund, supported by public contributions."

Even these have some means of support, though not enough to injure their health by high living. Less fortunate are: Private Marshall, who "worked in a machine shop until he lost three fingers and is now disabled and in extreme want." Private Holland, briefly described by the words "no resources"; Private Cooper, who "has been sweeping roads for the Kensington Vestry, but will soon have to give over"; Private Mayhew, "miserably poor"; Privates Spring and Glanister "in extreme poverty"; Trumpeter Donoghue, "living on charity, can get no employment"; and six or seven others known to be without work and in great distress."

Sergeant Brown, happy beneficiary of a grateful country, enjoyed for a while an honorable and lucrative "stand outside of Lewis', Manchester, placarded 'one of the survivors, etc.' Ill health forced him to give up a job in an explosive factory. He is 70 years old and failing" and will not remain very long a burden on the British taxpayers, from whom he draws his thirty cents a day.

When can their glory fade? In the best days of the Balaklava Society, Lieut. Wightman says that sometimes as much as $100 a year was poured into its coffers. Last year the contributions from admiring patriots dwindled down to three pounds ($15.) A Swansea vicar has come nobly forward with an offer to contribute ten shillings ($2.40) a year, on condition that the appeal is generously responded to. If it be not, of course he does not care to impoverish himself in vain.

No people have written more stirring poetry about their heroes than the countrymen of Campbell and Dibdin and Tennyson. Americans are more prosaic, it is said. But while England lets her Balaklava veterans rot in workhouses or sweep crossings, we spend millions and millions every year without a murmur to take care of our old soldiers. Think of Sergeant Brown with his begging placard, "One of the Balaklava Survivors," and then think of Capt. Keogh's horse, "Comanche," survivor of the Custer massacre, placed on the regular rolls of our Seventh Cavalry, accorded the post of honor at regimental parade and exempt, by general orders, from being ever bestrode by man as long as he lives. Lucky "Comanche," to be an American cavalry horse, instead of a British cavalryman, in his old age!

AH ME!

There were three fond hearts in a far off home,
One, restless with life's unrest
Straining and breaking affections chain—
Ay,—tho' the tears should fall like rain,
Till the two
Hearts true
Were left
Bereft,
For, oh! away to the wide wide west
The recreant one is winging.

Ah me! for the hearts in that far off home
Trying to hope for the best,
Brushing the traces of tears away
Waiting and watching for news each day
But these two
Hearts true
Beat low
For, Oh!
The ships that sail from the distant west
No news, no news are bringing!

O Savior! visit that far off home
And comfort the soul opprest,
Bring, bring sweet balm to the tear-swept eyes
Sweet peace to the brain where sorrow lies.
For, of two
Hearts true,
But *one*
Beats on!
And the anguished one in the fateful west
Remorse, remorse is wringing.

W. W. McC.

Omaha, Neb.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 357,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Home-Seekers' Excursions via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry.

On Tuesdays, May 20, September 9 and 23, and October 14, 1890, agents of the St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets to principal points in the West, Northwest, South and Southwest at rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars call on or address agents of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION.

On or about June 4, 1890, there will be offered to the public in Chicago, for subscription at par, the securities of

The City of Chicago Brewing & Malting Co.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring five of the largest Breweries and Malt Houses in the City of Chicago, and carrying on the business under one management. The properties purchased are the following:

THE CONRAD SEIPP BREWERY.

This has always been the largest Brewery in Chicago. Established in the year 1854 its progress each year has been marked by a steady increase, the output of 1889 having reached the immense figure of over 230,000 barrels.

The Brewery is situated in the South Division, at the foot of Twenty seventh street. It is on the shore of the lake, from which it draws its own supply or water independent of the city water works. Between the Brewery premises and the lake are the tracks of the Illinois Central and the Michigan Central Railroads, from which the Brewery has its own sidings, thus affording facilities for handling and transporting materials and beer with a minimum of expense and delay. At the present time this Brewery sells nearly 11 per cent of all the beer sold in the city. The reputation of the Beers brewed by this Company insures its sale in all the principal Clubs, Hotels, and Restaurants.

The buildings are of great size and the plant occupies a space of over five acres. The plant and machinery are of recent design, and fitted with modern appliances for manufacturing the beer in the best manner and at the lowest cost.

The Branches of the Brewery are located at Kensington, Illinois; South Chicago, Illinois; Matteson, Illinois; Hammond, Indiana; Whiting, Indiana; and Kalamazoo, Michigan.

THE WEST SIDE BREWERY.

This Brewery is in the West Division and occupies nearly a whole block on North Paulina, Augusta, and Rumsey streets. It is a commanding structure of stone, brick, and iron, was built in the year 1881, and is a fireproof building.

The Brewery, having been recently rebuilt, contains every modern appliance for manufacturing Beer on the most scientific and economical principles. Although only organized in 1881, the excellence of the Beers has caused it to take a high position among the best of the Chicago Breweries, and it now occupies the sixth place in the sales of the city.

The plant is so constructed that the output can be doubled without any further outlay except a slight increase in the storage room. The sales at the present time amount to over 96,000 barrels per annum.

THE DEWES BREWERY.

This Brewery is situated on West Chicago and Hoyne avenues in a section of the city of comparatively recent settlement, but which is growing very fast in all directions.

The rapid increase of the sales is partly attributable to the large increase in the population in this district, and partly to the excellent reputation of the Beer brewed.

This Brewery is celebrated for a special Beer called Munich Beer, which is sold at two dollars per barrel more than the usual price, and which is not only sought after in the neighborhood, but is attaining a large sale all over Chicago and the suburbs.

The Brewery has all been built since 1882, and is of modern construction, and the plant is conveniently arranged for continuing a progressive trade, the sales of each of the last three years having increased upwards of 23 per cent on the year preceding. The sales at the present time amount to over 61,000 barrels.

THE HUCK MALT HOUSES.

The Malt Houses are on the corner of Canal and Eighteenth streets, and are among the best in the United States. Amongst the customers are the principal brewers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, Chicago, and many others.

The Malt Houses have five railway tracks, aggregating over one mile of railroad on the premises, and connected with all the trunk lines of Chicago. The barley is brought by the railways into the elevators, and by steam power unloaded at a rate of 4,000 bushels per hour.

These Malt Houses are fitted with the new Patent Air Drying Plant invented by L. C. Huck, and patented by him in America, England, and Austria.

New works have been erected for Saladin's Pneumatic Process, introduced for the first time into the United States by L. C. Huck in 1886 which enables malting to be carried on all the year round by cylinders working in water and keeping the temperature 60° Fahrenheit; the moist and cool air is then forced into the Malt Houses, where there are constructed numerous compartments of 400 bushels capacity each, which malt 1,200 bushels per day, or equivalent to 360,000 bushels per annum on this system.

The Malt House on the old system has seven floors of 12,000 square feet each, and a total Malting capacity of 650,000 bushels. The storage capacity consists of three elevators, capable of storing upwards of 700,000 bushels.

The annual sales for the last two years have been over 1,000,000 bushels, 200,000 of which have been sold in the City of Chicago itself. The property is of great value, and consists of nearly three acres of ground.

THE BULLEN MALT HOUSES.

These Malt Houses and Elevators are situated only one block from the docks along the Chicago River and within one mile of the business centre of the city.

The Malt Houses are of brick with stone foundations, six stories high, and with the basement making up seven fully equipped malt floors. The Elevators are also of brick and considerably higher than the Malt Houses, and the machinery comprises every necessity for first class Malt Houses. The Malting capacity is upward of 1,000,000 bushels per annum, and the storage capacity in the elevators is upwards of 650,000 bushels.

This business was started by Mr. Bullen in 1868, and steadily increased until 1885, when the sales amounted to 600,000 bushels. In that year the premises were enlarged so as to admit of the present output.

Amongst the customers are many of the leading breweries in all parts of the United States, besides a great number of distillers.

Some idea of the magnitude of the business done by the five concerns may be realized from the fact that there are upward of 300 employes and nearly 300 horses.

All the above Breweries and Malt Houses can be worked under one management with considerable advantage.

The number of barrels of beer sold by the combined Breweries, as shown by the Internal Revenue Reports, was as follows:

For the year ending September 30, 1887	300 379 barrels
For the year ending September 30, 1888	316,575 barrels
For the year ending September 30, 1889	362,555 barrels

The United States Internal Revenue returns show that the sales for the seven months from October 1st, 1889 to April 30, 1890, were 201,455 barrels, as against 175,402 barrels in the corresponding 7 months of the previous year, showing an increase of about 15 per cent.

The output of the Huck and Bullen Malt Houses has exceeded 2,000,000 bushels per annum since 1886, when the improvements and additions were completed.

THE CAPITAL OF THE COMPANY IS $6,250,000

Divided into

6,250 Eight per cent Cumulative Preferred Shares of $50 each	$3,125,000
6,250 Ordinary Shares of $50 each	$3,125,000

In addition to the above shares there will be issued $3,166,000 of 6 per cent First Mortgage Bonds of $1,000 each at par, which will be secured by a first mortgage upon the whole of the real estate, fixed plant, and machinery of the five concerns, given by the Illinois Company purchasing the properties to the Northern Trust Company of Chicago. The bonds will be payable in gold coin of the present standard of weight and fineness, in the year 1910, at a premium of 10 per cent or at the option of the Illinois Corporation issuing the same they may be redeemed at any time previously, upon giving six months' notice, at the same premium of 10 per cent. The books of the breweries and malt houses have been examined by expert accountants, whose certificate shows that the net profits of the five corporations have been:

For the year 1886-'87	$ 845,000
For the year 1887-'88	950,000
For the year 1888-'89	1,025,000

Taking the rate of profits at $987,500, the average of the last two years, the following results will be shown:

To pay interest on $3,166,000 bonds at 6 per cent will require	$189,960
To pay interest on $3,125,000 preferred shares at 8 per cent will require	250,000
To pay dividends on $3,125,000 ordinary shares at 15 per cent will require	468,750

Leaving a surplus of over $75,000 for management expenses and reserve, or, taking the profits of the last year, 1888-'89, a surplus of over $100,000.

The shares will be transferable by delivery.

A working capital of over $1,000,000 will be provided.

The title to the real estate will be guaranteed by the TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO.

Copies of the prospectus of the Company, as well as forms of application for the shares and bonds, may be obtained upon the issue of the Company, on or about June 4, 1890, of the following Bankers of the Company: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, ILLINOIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK, MERCHANTS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, as well as of CHARLES HENROTIN, the Broker of the Company, E. S. DREYER & CO., Bankers, and of the following Directors of the Company:

WILLIAM C. SEIPP	President C. Seipp Brewing Company.
THEIS J. LEFENS	Treasurer C. Seipp Brewing Company.
JOHN A. ORR	Manager West Side Brewery Company.
FRANCIS J. DEWES	President F. J. Dewes Brewery Company.
LOUIS C. HUCK	President L. C. Huck Malting Company.
GEORGE BULLEN	President George Bullen & Co.
FREDERICK S. WINSTON	Solicitor of the Company.

The bonds will be payable 5 per cent on application, 45 per cent on allotment, and the balance of 50 per cent two months after allotment, or the whole may be paid up on allotment.

The shares will be payable 5 per cent on application, 45 per cent on allotment, and the remainder in two installments of 25 per cent each at two and four months, respectively, after allotment, or the whole may be paid up on allotment, entitling the holders to participate in dividends on amounts paid up from dates of payments. The dividends on the preferred shares and the interest on the bonds are payable half yearly on the 14th day of January and July of each year.

Of the bonds the former owners, their customers and friends, take over $2,000,000, and of the shares over $1,000,000. The remainder will be offered for subscription at par, but a preference in the allotment will be given to the customers of the breweries.

PATIENCE.

Before the long white ironing board she stands,
Good little Patience in her old brown dress;
With burning, crimson face and aching feet and hands
She irons away for frets at weariness.

Out by the door in full of yellow sun
She does not go, but looks with wistful eyes
Where golden robins sing for summer just begun,
And blossoms lavish in sweetness to the skies.

Through windows barred with morning glory vines
Cool airs creep in and hasten out again,
The green leaves dance and wave to her with beckoning signs
But still does not her longing heart complain.

Before the long white ironing board she stands,
So true and faithful to her duty's place;
Good little Patience with the steady, toiling hands,
Sweet Patience with the mild unfretful face.
—Good Housekeeping.

HIS LAST CHANCE.

The lieutenant arose with somewhat of a headache. In common with most of the officers of the fort he was given to tarrying rather longer at the wine than the good of the service really demanded, and last night, as was the custom, cards had formed part of the entertainment. He was not loser in cash, but he was in self respect. He had kept himself reasonably clean from the baser things in life till he came here; but the velvet of West Point suffered abrasion when it met the wolf skin of the frontier. Things were more primitive. Men spoke and thought farther away from that social hangman's whip which keeps us all in order. The lieutenant felt abased, and wondered, as he slowly dressed himself, how he could thread the way out of this labyrinth; how he could stand up clean among—not apart from—the comrades of his new life. And there was even something more than that. He did not care to transform the army into a drawing room, but he cherished a lively hope that a time might come when he could prove that other heights were better than this round of cynicism, revel and routine.

The mail coach had driven from Deep Springs this morning, arriving before he arose, thus avoiding the heat of the day, and when the lieutenant returned from breakfast he found a letter on his table. It was only one of many missives, but it was the one letter of them all to him. Maud Coventry was a good correspondent. She wrote such delightfully long letters. There wasn't much of news or philosophy in them, but one rose from the reading with a consciousness of having been for nearly an hour in her presence. A perfect reserve pervaded every line, and yet one felt the soft, warm influence of a languid, blonde woman; the incense of deference paid by a rare creature, weak and willing to be led, rose to the brain of a man not given to underestimating himself. She was rich, too. All these things revolved themselves, rather than were revolved, in his mind as he sat on the cool porch in the rising day and studied the familiar pictures in fort and valley.

But his heart would come back from all these wanderings after lofty things and fix itself right here in the smoke of the Sierras. He had met Kate Bentley. He had walked with her and talked with her, had danced with her and had sounded the welcome depths of strong goodfellowship. She was the antithesis of Maud Coventry. She was dark, with cheeks of wine and lips of red; she was strong, resourceful, composed. He felt drawn to her like iron to a magnet. She complemented where he was deficient. She was equipped abundantly with those qualities that had been denied him.

Marriage to a good woman was undoubtedly the one sure way to quit the bad and invite to the good without getting out of step with the forces at the fort—and before he knew it the lieutenant had said almost inaudibly:

"Yes, marriage; but to which one of them?" Then he recovered his poise with a laugh at the arrogance, and did them both the grace to confess that he had no reason to know that either one would have him.

And here came Kate Bentley right at a time when she should stay away. No doubt the lieutenant would have come from his reverie just as he had from many a one before. These early morning reformations following a night of excess are ropes of sand, and few men are bound long by their folds. Here came Kate Bentley with an Indian boy attendant, sitting her pony like a queen and reining up so gracefully that the cavalry officer paid mental honors to her horsemanship.

She sat there in the saddle as he came down to the road and stood talking to her. The girl seemed a very bundle of electricity this morning. Her look, her words, her actions that caressed him through three yards of space, and then her witching departure—all blent in an influence that cleared his brain and thrilled along his nerves to the very tips of his fingers.

"Going to a wedding, is she?" he mused as he walked back to the porch. "Gad, I would like to go to a wedding with her, I think." He was erect and full of force. The brief meeting had shocked him into clearer vision and deeper breath.

The Bentleys were the one family where ladies of the fort could visit on terms of equality. Judge Bentley, the father, had come there ten years before, almost as soon as the fort gave protection from the ravages of Indians, and had established a stock ranch, which was making him a very wealthy man. His wife, while mourning the loss of many things she had appreciated in her former home, still kept the social atmosphere about her quite at its best. Kate continued her studies in an eastern school, and when she came at length to her California home she fell at once into the graces of the ladies of the garrison. She had admirers without number of all degrees, from the vaquero who conquered her father's wildest horses to the very pink of dudeship at the fort. But she seemed the model of all heart whole young women, and, while the farthest possible remove from a coquette, was able to win allegiance from all and to inspire each with respectful regard.

"Going to a wedding," mused the lieutenant again, and he fell to thinking of the kind of a home she would keep. Was she not better, after all, for an army officer than that passive luxuriance in Coventry's mansion? Surely he felt for her a much stronger attraction. The very air about her seemed tingling with an influence he enjoyed. His eyes were brighter, his heart was lighter, he was more instinct with life when near her than when anywhere else in the world.

It was a puzzle. He would go up in the redwoods. Maybe the balsam of their branches might prove a balm for him. So he took a fowling piece, donned the lightest hat military regulations would let him wear, and walked up the steep path back of the fort. Into the fringing thickets of Manzanita, beyond them and across the bald ridge of the mountain, which showed white like a bank of snow sixty miles away, and then across the threshold of the redwoods. Here the shade was deep and grateful.

He found a giant redwood that had stood for centuries, perhaps, before it "yielded to the shoulder of the Titan blast," but which now lay prone upon the ground, half buried with the drifting needles of successive years. Its mossy bole offered a sumptuous couch, and there the lieutenant stretched himself for an hour's rest—for an hour's study.

He lay there looking at that dark shadow which crept from the farther foothills and traveled so steadily eastward across the valley, calculating how long it would take him to reach the foot, and reflecting that days were longer on the heights, when a distant tramping, the first sound that had broken his revery, announced some unexpected approach. At first he thought of deer and mourned his forgotten pistols. Then he fancied it might be a bear, and began to be uneasy. But when human language reached his ears a moment later he knew that the most dangerous of animals was near him.

"He'll be there," said one man in a tone that implied repetition.

"Yes, but if he brings three or four fellows the money won't go far among us all."

"But I tell you he will only bring one," said the first speaker a little sharply. No need to be careful in these dense woods. They are better than the walls of the Bastile for hiding secrets.

"Then," fretted the other, "it will be just our luck to strike a dozen fellows on that stage and git the daylight shot through us."

His companion laughed coldly at his querulous comrade, and together they walked on toward the dip of the mountain.

The lieutenant sat bolt upright on the mossy redwood.

"Why, they're going to jump the mail wagon," he said, almost staggered at what promised to be even more of a sensation than he wanted. As he sat there quickly calculating whether he had time to alarm the garrison, he saw the old stage coach, two miles away, stop in front of the Bentley farm. He saw a group of men and women throng about it, and then he saw it start again at a lively gait and make straight for the pass, where he shrewdly calculated the stage robbers had planned to intercept it.

As it came nearer he saw a man and woman sitting on the one seat "outside," and had time, through his growing excitement, to envy them somewhat of their lovely evening and moonlight ride down the valley on that elevated and swaying perch.

He saw his way clearly enough into an ugly row, but there was neither time nor inclination for hesitation, so he grasped his light fowling piece and started down the hillside in the track of the robbers. To avoid being seen he made a detour at the point where they had boldly crossed the bald ridge of mountains, and, keeping the shadow of the forest constantly about him, passed near the stage road and wondered if that vehicle with its precious freight would ever weather the ambush and climb this hill. Still descending, but more guardedly now, he watched for some sign from those who had preceded him.

Suddenly his eye caught the wide swaying of a small pine shrub. It bent far over to the left, then to the right, then forward—like a soldier with a signal code. Responsive to the message he saw a broad white hat far down the slope swing once around.

"Fandango, the Mexican stage robber," exclaimed the lieutenant under his breath, for he recognized the hat despite the distance as one that covered a head on which a price had long been set.

Passing down an open slope he saw a quick movement in front of him. A thick, low pine branch had been thrust aside and as hastily replaced. The lieutenant threw his gun to his face and sent a load of bird shot rattling into the pine. It took effect. The smothered curse of a man came first and then the crash of a Spencer rifle. The lieutenant knew he was hit, but his blood was up and he dashed at the pine tree while dexterously throwing a new shell into the empty chamber of his gun. Prone on the ground behind the tree lay one of the men who had passed him half an hour before. He was as busily and as coolly preparing for the duel as was the officer; but fate was against him. The lieutenant saw him, cocked both barrels and fired in an instant of time, and the ounce of lead the bandit discharged flew wide of its mark, for two good loads of small shot were deeply bedded in the head and neck of the assassin.

The next moment he was astride the fellow, clutching the more dangerous carbine. But he did not need to struggle, for the writhing, tortured man beneath him was quite beyond the possibility of inflicting harm. Loosing the cartridge belt he strapped it about him, broke his own fowling piece so as to render it useless if his man should recover, and started on a run toward the pass. Just here he must have felt the effect of that first shot, for he forgot the pass, forgot that the government mails were in danger, and forgot that lives might have to be sacrificed before Fandango's thirst for gold.

A shout and a shot from the pass told him the battle was on; the violent whipping of horses, the cursing of men, the scream of a woman, and then the tearing, crushing sound which told of a capsized coach. Another lapse of consciousness followed, and at its end he found himself in the stage road, a hundred yards from the wreck, and saw a number of frightened men and a woman standing in a row, while Fandango, the Mexican stage robber, was rifling their pockets.

"Forward! Double time! March!" shouted the lieutenant bravely, as though his company was behind him. "You greaser," he cried, with sulphurous adjectives, as he sent a bullet whizzing through the bandit's hat; "you sagebrush heathen! You'll rob the mail wagon, will you?" and his second shot, with truer aim, struck one of the fellows who was guarding the prisoners.

Fandango's pistol replied in turn, but without effect, and the lieutenant fired again and again, excited beyond the bounds of accuracy and as void of fear as though at target practice. The robbers had at first been astounded. The tone of command with which the newcomer announced his arrival stunned them for a moment, but when they saw there was no one to obey they took fresh courage and showed vastly more fight than their fellows usually do. But the lieutenant continued to swear and to shoot, and one exercise or the other fanned into flame a live coal in the line of prisoners.

The woman took advantage of the distraction, sprang to the driver's overturned box, grasped the two revolvers which lay beside it on the ground, tossed one to the man nearest her and with the other herself assisted in the fusilade.

That turned the tide. Fandango and his robbers, be they ever so bold, could not stand before the storm of fire from an equal number of guns. They threw down their weapons and started to run.

"Halt—hands up!" cried the lieutenant, firing again and with more careful aim. He wanted to gather in this whole batch. All the savage was roused in him. He wanted them, dead or alive. He saw the Mexican sink to his knees, and he turned to the next one—his last cartridge gone.

"Halt—hands up!" he commanded in still stronger tones, and the assassins obeyed him. "Bind 'em," commanded the young officer, and the coach and harness were despoiled of ropes, chains and straps to securely tie the prisoners.

Then the lieutenant gave his first attention to his wounds. He was growing strangely weak for a victor, and leaned against the overturned stage, too helpless to stand alone.

"You are a nobleman!" That was the first thing he heard above that rising roar in his ears. A thrill like electricity ran through him. It was the woman whose nerve and courage had turned defeat into triumph.

Aye! It was more than that! It was Kate Bentley. She laid a gentle hand upon his bleeding arm, and with the other tried to steady him to a seat. But the tonic of her touch banished the faintness, and, with a wave of feeling that may be pardoned in a young man lately a hero, he wrapped both his arms about this treasure, and for one blissful moment publicly hugged a most handsome young woman.

How the mist rolled away! How he hated himself for that decision on the fallen redwood. No wonder its dead scents clouded his mental vision. Why had he not stood upright like a man among the virile trunks of living trees? Surely their stronger bearing would have guided his judgment better. All his being told him this was the missing part of life. His mind flew to the future and he saw himself the proud husband of this heroine of the Sierras.

"But how did you come here?" he asked, releasing her. They had become the center of a group.

"I was in the coach," she answered. She was not embarrassed. They all stood too close in the valley of the shadow of death to measure trifles.

"What on earth brought you there?" he pursued, regarding her only.

She released herself gently and he reclined upon the cushions they had piled for him.

"Why, don't you know?" she asked, and there may have been somewhat of regret in the tone, "I was married this afternoon. I told you I was going to a wedding when I passed you at the fort this morning. This is my husband. We are going to the bay. Fandango knew it, and knew we had some money with us. That's why he chose this time!"

"This—is—your—husband?" questioned the lieutenant very weakly indeed, taking the hand of a rich young ranchman.

"My husband;" and then as she stooped and moved the cushions slightly she gazed far down into those dimming eyes and added: "If he were not"— but she did not finish. She rose, her lashes a little wet, went over to the young man whose name she bore, put both hands in his, and together they caught step again for the march of life.

The coach was righted, the robbers were placed inside and taken to the fort, and two men lifted the wounded lieutenant on a rude litter and carried him home through the deepening shadows of redwoods, then out into the glorious flood of moonlight.

He had the best of care, and his wound healed rapidly enough, but the man himself did not seem to get well. For more than a year he suffered that sort of stupor in which he had seen his quick reared castle of light demolished, and then he confessed to himself that losing this one woman he had lost all.

There are two kinds of love—one the love of the river,
Which through continents pushes its pathway forever
To pour its food heart in the sea.
* * * The difference in each case is this:
The river is lost if the ocean it miss.

But the ruinous round of cynicism, revel and routine never captivated him again. He was above it, and yet not a man in the service kept such a hold on the hearts of his brother officers as he did.—Chicago Herald.

ALAS! POOR ARYAN.

Canon Taylor Has Almost Demonstrated That He Never Existed.

Max Muller and his school took it for granted too readily that the Aryan race must have originated in Central Asia, and spread from thence to India in one direction, and to Europe in the other. They took it for granted, too, that Sanscrit must necessarily approach more nearly to the primitive Aryan tongue than any other language of which remains have descended to us. The last ten years have seen the final overthrow of both these rough-and-ready provisional theories.

Penke and his school have demonstrated, almost beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Aryans were rather of European than Asiatic origin; rather a northern or intermediate than a southern race. Evidence has been brought forward to show that Lithuanian approaches still more closely than Sanscrit to the earliest form of the Aryan tongue; and now Canon Taylor comes to the front to convince us that, of the two great prehistoric races of Europe, the primitive Aryan is to be identified rather with the smaller, darker and broad headed type than with the taller, fairer and long skulled Scandinavians who have been almost always accepted till quite lately as the purest representatives of the unmixed Aryan blood.

The general result of this masterly and exhaustive survey—for, brief and popular as it is, it deserves to be called both masterly and exhaustive—will be to dethrone that almost mythical animal, our Aryan ancestor, from the pinnacle of superiority on which he had been placed by the poetic fancy of fashionable Max Mullerism. It is hardly too much to say that Canon Taylor has demolished forever our Aryan ancestor—the idyllic ancestor, that is to say, that we all knew and loved and were so inordinately proud of. His searching examination of the neolithic culture shows us almost conclusively that the primitive Aryans were barbarians in a very early stage of nomad existence, unacquainted with metals, clad mainly in skins, dwelling by summer in huts and by winter in circular roofed pits, but roaming for the most part in wagons with their flocks and herds over an immense area of sparsely populated pastoral country.

They were not advanced philosophers; they were pure minded poetical patriarchs; and they were not immeasurably superior to all other competitors. Few things have been done in reconstructionary history to equal the interesting chapter on the Neolithic Culture, in which our latest iconoclast proves bit by bit, and step by step, these two cardinal principles—first, that the neolithic inhabitants of Central Europe were, some of them at least, primitive Aryans, and, secondly, that their civilization is shown by a hundred converging lines of evidence to have reached only the simple and undeveloped level of a pastoral tribe in its stone age.

Hardly less valuable than this are the chapters on the Aryan race, in which our author discusses with perfect candor and freedom from bias or prejudice the question whether the primitive Aryan is to be identified with the dolichocephalic or the brachycephalic type; that on the evolution of Aryan speech, in which he traces in great part the origin of the various languages into which the Aryan tongue split up in its diffusion to racial or local peculiarities of voice and voice organ in non-Aryans who adopted (with variations) the dialect of their more cultivated neighbors, and, above all, that on the Aryan mythology, which almost completely pulverizes the supposed common pantheon and executes a delightful triumphal dance over the prostrate bodies of the Vedic deities.

Altogether, the book is a most wholesome protest against an undigested mass of unproved assumptions. The pendulum may possibly have swung for the moment a trifle too far in the opposite direction; but it is a great gain at least to have reduced our Aryan ancestor from the exalted and incongruous position of a sort of primitive breechless Oxford don to something like prosaic and average equality with the general run of semi-civilized neolithic European herdsmen. —Pall Mall Gazette.

Earliest Use of Forks.

The earliest distinct mention of the established use of forks occurs in a curious passage of Coryates' "Crudities," a singular book of travels published in England in 1611. The author says: "Here I will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in the discourse of the first Italian towns. I observed a custom in all these Italian cities and towns through which I passed, that is not used in any other country I saw in my travels, neither do I think any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only in Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers that are traveling in Italy, do always at their meals use a little fork when they cut their meat."—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Keep Cool if You Want to Sleep.

A nervous individual recommends "keeping cool" as a sleep producer, and would have the weary night watcher find a cool place and sit for an hour calming himself. Cold is electrical, and whatever cools without taking cold produces a soothing quiet of the nerves. When the nerves are felt the brain is hot and the spine is heated, and to abolish this condition the best prescription is to keep cool.—New York Sun.

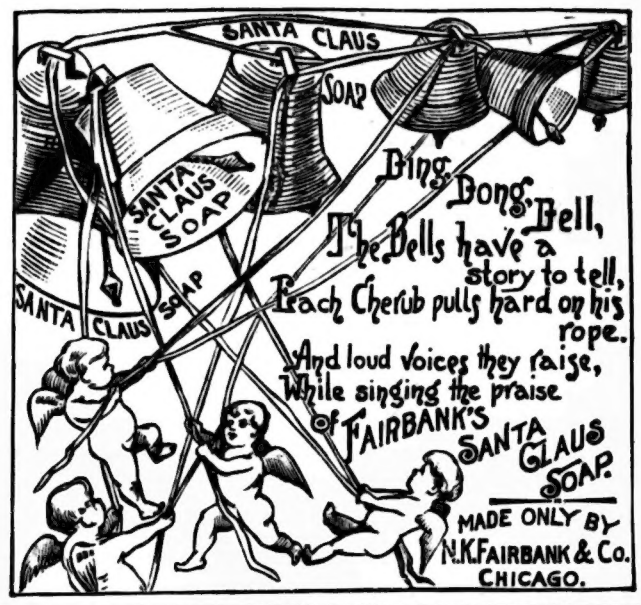
Damp Cellars.

If a cellar has a damp smell and cannot be thoroughly ventilated a few trays of charcoal set around on the floor, shelves and ledges will make the air pure and sweet. If a large basketful of charcoal be placed in a damp cellar where milk is kept the milk will be in no danger of becoming tainted.—Medical Classics.

Very Soft.

"What do you think of that young fellow across the way?" whispered she to her escort in the street car.

"Pianissimo," replied he, true to a musical training.—Chicago Times.



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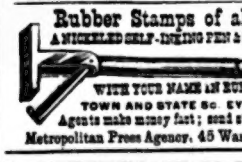
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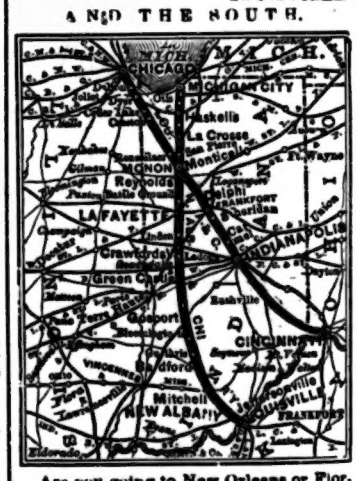

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Dated Chicago, April 23, 1890.
ROSE CONNOR, Executrix.
McArdle & Wheelock, Attorneys, 85 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

HE SMELLED THE SNAKE.

A STRANGE CASE OF WONDERFUL HEREDITARY FACULTY.

How a Hospital Assistant Was Affected by the Presence of a Rattler—The Doctor's Investigations and Conclusions Therefrom.

"A few years ago," said a hospital steward. "I was employed in one of the two hospitals supported by a well known mining company in Arizona for the care of its sick and injured employes. It had over a thousand employes, and the casualties, great and small, sometimes averaged one every day, so that the surgeon's office was no sinecure. The company was not, however, entitled to credit for benevolence, for it levied a tax of $1 a month on each of its employes, stopping it out of their pay, to support the hospital, surgeons and nurses. The head of the service, Dr. Eckerson, contracted to bear all its expenses, so that it was a good thing for the men, the company and the physicians, although the men paid it all.

"Dr. Eckerson was a young man for such a responsible position. He was a Swede who had been thoroughly educated in his own country and in Germany, and possessed the mechanical skill and manual tact that made a good surgeon and the diagnostic intuition without which no man can be a successful physician. He was an enthusiast in his profession and in the cognate sciences—botany, chemistry, physiology and especially comparative anatomy.

FELL IN A DEAD FAINT.

"The assistant in the other of the two hospitals was a young French Canadian named Perot. He was a reticent young fellow, very pallid, but vigorous. He possessed remarkable eyes. The iris had a singular way of changing color under the influence of his physical, mental or nervous conditions, and these changes perceptibly altered the entire expression of the man's face. We got so after a little that we could fairly read his moods by the color and expression of his eyes, in spite of his reticence.

"One day the doctor had an uncommonly difficult operation to perform, and both Perot and myself were summoned to assist. When Perot entered the operating room I noticed that his eyes changed color repeatedly and rapidly as if he were under some great excitement. In a few seconds he complained of being dizzy, and before we realized the urgency of action in his behalf he had dropped to the floor in a dead faint. The ordinary means of restoration were immediately applied, but without avail, and Dr. Eckerson ordered him removed to one of the hospital wards and laid upon a bed. Here, to our surprise, Perot at once came to himself without further aid and declared himself ready for duty.

"Upon our return to the operating room, however, Perot's disturbed symptoms at once returned. His eyeballs became fixed and glaring, his breathing stertorous, and he would again have swooned had we not caught him and removed him from the room. The experiment was tried the third time, with the same phenomenal result. Perot himself was at a loss to account for his condition. He said he felt perfectly well and had no repugnance for the scenes of the operating table, but directly he entered the room the terrible symptoms were at once apparent.

"The doctor now set seriously to work to investigate this strange case. He soon came to the conclusion that the influence that disturbed Perot was external to himself, and, as he had these attacks only in the operating room, began to examine its contents, condition and surroundings for the cause of the extraordinary affection. What seemed further to complicate the case was the fact that Perot had for months frequented the room without experiencing any unusual sensation. At last I said to the doctor: 'Has any change been made in this room recently?' At first he said, 'No.'

THE DOCTOR'S DISCOVERY.

"Suddenly, with a half smothered exclamation, he went to his zoological cabinet, and, taking down a jar which contained a live rattlesnake, which he had purchased a few days before from an Indian, he examined it with a curious expression on his face.

"The reptile was in this large jar, over the mouth of which a wire gauze cover had been bound to permit the admission of air. The cabinet stood behind a curtain, and no one but the doctor knew of the snake in the room.

"The doctor caused the jar to be removed from the operating room, and called Perot in. To our astonishment none of the previous unpleasant symptoms appeared. Then the jar was carried into another room and secreted. Perot was summoned, and upon entering the room the former distressing symptoms at once recurred. Whenever the Canadian was brought near the reptile he went into this trance.

"Dr. Eckerson believed firmly in the influence of heredity on individual characteristics, and he began questioning Perot about his family antecedents. Perot said that his father was a Canadian of mixed blood; his mother a Frenchwoman, who had died when he was about 12 years old. He recollected her as a woman of vivacious and happy temperament. He said that she had a great passion for flowers, and would in the autumn gather and dry large bouquets, declaring that they smelled as sweet to her as when fresh. She also liked to smell flowers which were perfectly inodorous. These facts had been riveted in Perot's memory by his father's scoffing at her strange taste and by her persistent defense of the same. This singularity seemed to have been the cause of no small contention in the family and talk among the neighbors.

"The doctor was now convinced that with his special hereditary sense Perot had smelled the snake. He at once drowned the reptile with alcohol, stoppered the jar tightly and called Perot into the room. To his delight the man exhibited none of the unpleasant symptoms. The jar was then placed before him, but without affecting him in the least. The mystery was solved. Perot had smelled the snake."—New York Sun.

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"We, the undersigned, citizens of Brockway Centre, Mich., hereby certify that the above statement, made by Mrs. Lake, is true in every particular and entitled to full credence."—O. P. Chamberlain, G. W. Waring, C. A. Wells, Druggist.

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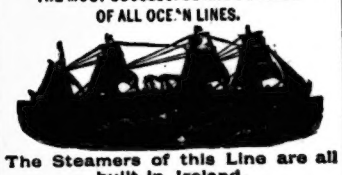

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St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3456 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3038 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 461 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 852 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denllanler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4438 LaSalle st; C A Beidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 861 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 413 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 336 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Braccciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 358 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 30th and Ashland av,

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

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County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

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County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

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Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

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Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3253 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Deshiel sts.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.

County Delegate, John Bigane, Brighton Park, Ill.

County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.

County Treasurer, Phill. Dolan

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reardan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavel, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill Cent. R. R., South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, 550 W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran;

THE "BIDDING WEDDING."

How Gifts Are Secured by Newly Married People in Parts of Wales.

In certain parts of Pembroke and Carmarthen, in Wales, one of the quaintest of marriage customs used to be prevalent, and it is said still to linger to a certain extent in some of the remote valleys, but now curtailed and shorn of its prisine surroundings. This was known as a "bidding wedding" and was so redolent of patriarchal times that it may be interesting to describe what is destined soon to become a mere memory of the past. Tradition is silent as to the origin of this custom of Cambria, so we may presume that it goes a long way back indeed.

In the first place, all who received invitations were expected to show their respect to the bride and bridegroom by bestowing such presents as befitted their station and means. We may remark that these weddings were generally restricted to the farmers and others of the respectable class, so that to have a bidding implied a certain social status and that the young couple were both come of respectable families.

When two of this class made up their minds to get married the first thing considered was who were to be invited to the festivities, a list being made out, varying, according to the number of their friends and neighbors, from forty or fifty up to 300. Invitations were written or printed, and sent round to all those whose presence was desired. After these had been dispatched the next thing was to send round the "bidder," there being one person who filled this important post in every district.

The duty of this worthy was to go to all places where invitations had preceded him, there to advocate the claims of his clients to the best of his ability. The bidder, as may be supposed, was generally a noted character, the local wit and orator, as no one could hope to fill the responsible position who had not "the gift of the gab." In some instances females held office, for which they were doubtless as well qualified as their male rivals. These functionaries were generally cordially received and were in the habit of specifying any particular articles that they thought desirable, generally fixing their requests high, on the principle that they who ask for a sheep were likely to get a lamb at least.

On completing the rounds of calls the bidder gave in his report to his employers. The presents were sent before the wedding to the house of the bride, when a large company assembled to view them and discuss their value. From the fact that intended presents were all entered on the bidder's books there were seldom too many articles of one sort, a business like proceeding by which the fashionable world of today might save brides from having so many "repeats" in their marriage presents.—Chambers' Journal.

Use of Glass in Mechanics.

M. de la Bastie, a French chemist, has, during the past few years, conducted a series of experiments which have resulted in a method of rendering glass sufficiently tough for use in molding many articles hitherto made of iron. It is premised that the huge sub-Atlantic pneumatic tube for the connection of the Old with the New World, the suggestion of which was received with indifference and incredulity some time ago, may eventually turn out to be not so chimerical as at first glance it was judged to be.

A glass car fitted into a tube of the same material would spin away at an incredibly fast rate. No appreciable heat would be generated, and the great hardness and smoothness of the material would greatly lessen the retarding influence of friction, which will be one of the most important considerations in all systems of future rapid transit. In the construction of piers, bridges, and, in short, everything meant to withstand the destructive influences of water, glass would be of immense value, as it is insensible to the action of oxygen, while its great hardness insures it against the frictional wear to which stone piers are particularly liable.—New York Telegram.

Caught Napping.

Persons who own impulsive tongues may often be provoked into amusing blunders when some easily answered question is unexpectedly put to them. Most of us have been victims of the old joke, "What day of the month is the 4th of July?" and, wise as we think ourselves, it has doubtless caught us napping.

"Jane," said a joker to his wife, "do you know what cod liver oil is made of?"

"No, I'm sure I don't," returned she, without stopping to think. "I suppose it's a patent medicine, all advertisement and humbug."

"I am going to give a free lecture in town," said a gentleman visiting his native place to an old friend. "I hope you'll come."

"Delighted, I'm sure! How much are the tickets?"—Youth's Companion.

When the Eater Will Catch the Grower.

Assuming the population to be now 65,000,000, with the area in cereals producing average crops and current consumption 15 per cent. greater per capita than in the five years ending in 1874, present supplies are in excess of population as follows: Corn for 5,500,000 people; wheat for 14,000,000; cattle for 6,000,000, and swine for 11,000,000. Should population continue to increase as heretofore, and should production not increase more than now seems probable, home requirements will absorb all food products before the end of this century.—C. Wood Davis in Forum.

Only One Interruption.

"Did everything go off smoothly at your wedding, Chawles?"

"Yes. There was only one interruption. That tailor man wouldn't allow the ceremony to go on till I'd paid him for my wedding suit."—Yankee Blade.

It is said that of the 5,000 clubs and societies in New York nearly 4,500 are distinctively German. The tendency of a German to form a society could not be more forcibly illustrated than by these figures.

THE CRITICS' VERDICT.

Condensed American Newspaper Opinion in Regard to Mr. Finerty's Stirring Book, "Warpath and Bivouac."

A Batch of Ringing Extracts from Leading Journals, East and West.—A Fine Literary and Historical Volume.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot, May 10.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth, May 6.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS

[*Brooklyn Eagle, May 4.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

GRAPHICALLY AND THRILLINGLY TOLD

[*Kansas City (Mo.) Times, May 12.*]

"Although in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Finerty, to all intents and purposes, was one of the defenders of his country for the time and was ever in the thickest of the fight. But he was more than a soldier as to the purposes of this book. He was not only in battle, but in the hospital, the camp, the forage, the march, and everywhere else that the requirements of his calling took him, and thus he is better enabled than anyone else to give a vivid and accurate account of a very interesting epoch in the history of Indian wars. The story is not only graphically and thrillingly told, but it is careful in detail and careful in style."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[*Irish World, May 11.*]

Warpath and Bivouac"—As the *Irish World* announced some time since, Mr. John F. Finerty, who during the Indian campaigns of 1876 and 1879 was war correspondent for the Chicago *Times*, has been engaged for some time in the preparation of a history of those thrilling campaigns attending the conquest of the Sioux tribes. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation. It will doubtless have an extensive circulation. We hope to be able to give it a more extended review further on.

THE LAST GREAT INDIAN WAR.

[*Chicago Times, April 26.*]

"The conquest commenced by the gold-hunting Spaniard, the cavalier on the James, the puritan on Cape Cod was finished on the Rosebud. Mr. Finerty, taking up the theme anew, has presented it in permanent form with all historical accuracy and with that picturesqueness which an episode so memorable in the annals of the republic, so strong in color, so exciting in incident, so momentous to a once mighty race, demands."

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald, April 19.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News, April 25.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean, April 26.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times, April 26.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald, April 26.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

FULL OF THE MOST GRAPHIC SKETCHES.

[*Army and Navy Journal (N.Y.) April 26*]

"This volume is so full of the most graphic sketches of Indian fights and of life on the road during the campaign, that selections can be made from it at random of passages sure to interest. * * * To Mr. Finerty the army owes thanks for his appreciative notices of it and its services, as it does to Remington, Zogbaum and Nast, for their services in a similar line. The service need ask nothing of the writers and limners except that its portrait should be correctly drawn and it can safely venture comparison with an equal body of men in any profession and anywhere."

USEFUL AND FASCINATING

[*St. Louis Republic, April 26.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal, May 3.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

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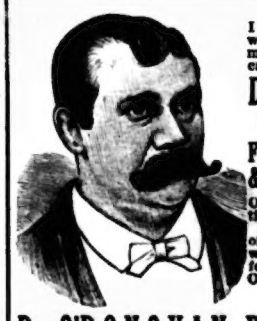

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